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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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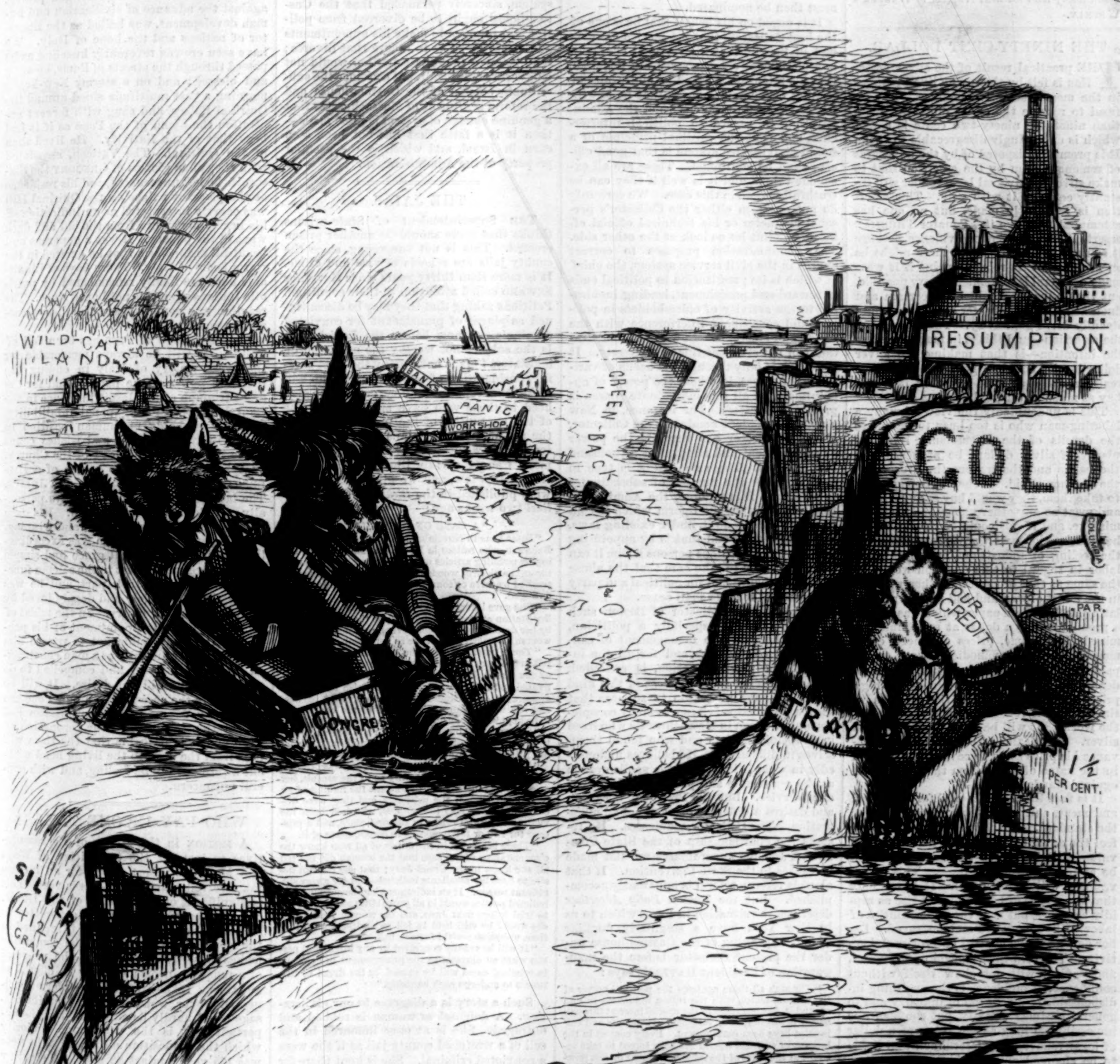

CAN HE?

"Now pull him over the Falls, and see if he can reach the Point again."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 23, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a double-page engraving showing a Tramps' Lodging-House in New York, and a variety of choice and interesting reading matter.*

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THE NINETY-CENT DOLLAR.

The practical result of the silver agitation is felt by those who live by wages in the most instructive manner. The refusal to receive the silver dollar for more than ninety or ninety-two cents is a fact which is exceedingly disagreeable to them. It is promptly disposed of by the advocates of remonetization by the assertion that to make silver a universal legal tender will instantly equalize it with gold. This assertion is frequently made, but no one has attempted to prove it. Senator Thurman asserts it, but he offers no evidence, because it can not be found. That there might be an advance in its relative value if it were made a general legal tender is very possible, but that advance would be uncertain and fluctuating, and its greater cheapness would steadily drive gold away. The illusion of the assertion—and this is in many quarters the intention—is that making the silver dollar legally equal to gold would make it really equal, that is to say, that it would buy as much as the gold.

This is undoubtedly the view of many a laboring-man who is too busy to attend to the details of the discussion. Here are plenty of silver dollars, he argues, which the banks and the traders, the grocer and the butcher, avoid. If they were compelled to take them, they would buy as much bread and meat as any other money. This is the mistake, and if this could be clearly apprehended by those who are most interested, the feeling of industrious and intelligent labor in regard to this question would be the same as that of capital. When we were in the midst of war, and had no other circulating medium than paper, which was merely a promise to pay a dollar at some undetermined future time, prices advanced enormously because commodities were to be paid for in the paper promises, whose redemption was very uncertain. The high prices showed the value of the paper as estimated in the recognized gold standard of the world. It will be so in its degree with silver. The dealer of every kind will advance his price so as to cover the variation in the value of silver from that of the recognized standard.

It is true that labor is paid for like bread and meat, and will at last adjust itself to the standard. But it is always the last to feel the advance, and as the fluctuation of value in silver will be incessant, labor will be at constant disadvantage. This disadvantage will be manifold. It is not only that the wages of labor will not rise as rapidly as prices, but that the opportunities of labor will be curtailed and destroyed. Labor depends upon general enterprise and activity. These, in turn, depend upon capital, and capital will not show itself without confidence. Confidence is the one thing indispensable to a renewal of industry and to general business activity, but confidence is impossible so long as the value of a dollar of legal tender is undetermined and liable to be changed any day by an act of Congress. And, once more, if it were true that the Bland bill would make silver equal with gold, what would be the meaning of the agitation? The remonetization of silver is demanded by those who cry for "cheap money." If it is to be worth as much as gold, how could it pay debts more readily than gold? The fact that there would be a certain amount of actual silver dollars to add to the gold and greenbacks would not avail, because they could not be procured any more readily, and they are not needed for currency. In whatever way, therefore, the question is viewed, it is plain that the interest of the laboring-man requires a stable dollar, and an end of the agitation that insists upon a shifting dollar, and which declares that in some mysterious way the interests of a man who receives wages are different from those of the rest of the community.

THE BOSTON CUSTOM-HOUSE.

The interest in the question of the re-appointment of the Collector of the port of Boston does not arise from the importance of the position, but from the fact that the result will be regarded as illustrative of the attitude of the Administration upon the general subject of reform in the civil service. It is this consideration which engages the attention of journals and observers in other States. The present Collector is the representative of a system, and it is for that reason that his name is drawn into the discussion. The important question is, Does the Administration approve the system that he represents, or—for we do not doubt the President's conviction or purpose—is it supposed that the re-appointment of the Collector is compatible with reform of the system of the civil service? It is understood that the Collector's official term will expire about the 1st of April, and either he or a successor must then be nominated.

It is urged on his behalf that he is one of the best Collectors that the service has ever had in Boston, that his personal character and his official efficiency are not disputed, that his retention is asked by multitudes of leading commercial houses, that he is willing to conform to the wishes of the Administration in regard to political interference, and that the cardinal principle of a sound civil service system is that good officers shall be continued. These are all excellent things, and it is well if they can be truthfully urged in this case. We certainly do not question either the Collector's personal character or his technical official efficiency. But let us look at the other side. The Administration proposes to correct abuses in the civil service system, the chief of which is its prostitution to political ends of reward and punishment, leading inevitably to the activity of office-holders in politics, and consequent interference with the freedom of elections. Now the Administration can not strike at this evil directly. It can reach it only through the heads of various chief offices, in whom the power of appointment to all the subordinate places is practically vested. For instance, in New York the President nominates the Collector, but the Collector has virtually the power of appointment and removal of a thousand subordinates. The same thing is true in Boston, where the number of subordinates is smaller. If, therefore, the Administration would secure the reform which it contemplates, it can do it, under existing laws, in one way only, and that is by appointing to these chief positions persons whom it can trust implicitly to take care that the abuse of minor appointment for political and party and personal reasons shall cease.

Is the present Collector of Boston such a person? He is especially a politician, whose talent for the management of caucuses and conventions, and for all the intricacies of partisan action, is conceded. He has rendered great services of this kind—and we have no reason to suppose that they were illicit services—to many conspicuous public men in Massachusetts who lived in doubtful districts and who found themselves in difficulties. He believes undoubtedly in what is known as the spoils system as the reasonable and proper system of the civil service. But the President does not, and desires a different principle of administration. The Collector acquiesces. He resigns the chairmanship of the State Committee, and his subordinates are not made delegates to the State Convention. If that alone is reform, reform is apparently accomplished. But the Boston *Daily Advertiser* describes the situation in terms which to us in New York have a singularly familiar sound. Speaking of the Custom-house under the present Collector before the inauguration of President Hayes, it says:

"Through all these contests the political power of the Custom-house, with the ruling influences in and around it, has been true to the special interest through which it was originally installed. Its agents and emissaries have been omnipresent. Every contest in the interest of political reform has been forced to take account at the start of the influences, more or less powerful, which the Collector and his friends could bring to bear against it. The strong position which the Republicans in Massachusetts hold to-day was gained without their sympathy, or against their steady and persistent opposition. Such usefulness as the Republican party in this State has had on the side of public honesty, the influence it was able to exert at the National Convention, the service it has rendered in upholding and strengthening the hands of the President during the first difficult year of his administration, have all been secured in spite of the lukewarmness or the open hostility of the Collector and his band of supporters; and they are, one and all, to be credited to the signal failure of the attempt to control the State organization through a cabal of which the Custom-house was to be the central rallying-point.

"We are not now speaking at random about these old contests; they were too close and too serious to be so soon forgotten. Early in the last Administration the spirit of reform was beginning to assert itself throughout the country, and especially in Massachusetts. The present Collector was appointed because his political tastes and associations were opposed to it. With his views concerning it, it was perfectly right that he should oppose it by all the means in his reach; and he did so openly, constantly, and without a thought of disguise until the day when the election of President Hayes was announced by the authority of Congress. Since then, it is said, there has been a change; but it is too recent, and the motive for it is too obvious, to inspire confidence."

A real reform in the civil service is not to be carried by those who acquiesce in the views of their superiors, but by those who believe in it as Sumner believed in opposing slavery, and Andrew in prosecuting the war. It can not be accomplished without a strenuous contest. It can not be begun even by those who do not believe in it heartily. If the Administration means to change the old system in Boston, it must intrust the task to some one who is as thoroughly persuaded of its wisdom and necessity as the present Collector has always been convinced of those of the old system—some one who has no reason to fear and no wish to favor the interests of partisan chiefs. If it believes the present Collector to be that person, to be a hearty, courageous, sagacious, and inflexible opponent of the old system, sincerely persuaded that the Custom-house ought to be divorced from politics, and resolved to make his appointments and removals so as to secure that divorce; if it believes that his retention would not only secure this result, but convince the subordinate officers of the Custom-house and the reform sentiment of Massachusetts that a genuine change of system is to be made—then it is a faith that has not been seen even in Israel, and which is the peculiar property of the Administration.

THE JAILS.

The Superintendent of State-prisons thinks that there should be another prison erected. This is not surprising, since the county jails are schools of vice and crime. It is more than thirty years since Governor Seward called attention to their condition. Petitions asking that they may be discontinued as places of punishment for convicted criminals are now before the Legislature. Is the subject not worthy the attention of legislators? Is it not worthy the most careful consideration of some member who will make it an especial inquiry, or at least give heed to those who have studied it? One of the enormities of the present system is the use of the county jails as places of detention for witnesses. Recent facts in Richmond County vividly illustrate the operation of this law, and we give them as they were published in the *Richmond County Sentinel* two weeks ago:

"A CASE OF HARDSHIP.

"Some time in November last a woman named Mrs. Brunbau, who resides in New York, and makes a living by peddling articles of ladies' apparel, was passing through a piece of woods near Concord, when she was assailed by three or four men, robbed of some $15, and outraged.

"She gave information of the occurrence at the Police Station at Stapleton, whereupon the police, guided by her description, arrested several persons, whom the woman identified at the time as her assailants.

"These parties were some of them committed to jail, and others were held in bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The woman who had been maltreated and robbed was unable to furnish bail for her appearance as a witness against the accused parties, and she was therefore committed to the county jail to be kept in custody until the Grand Jury should meet.

"She remained incarcerated from last November until the beginning of this week, her condition differing but little, if any, from that of the common prisoners.

"When, on Monday or Tuesday last, she was brought before the Grand Jury to testify as to the assault, her evidence was insufficient to warrant the finding of an indictment against the prisoners, and they were discharged, as was also the witness, who had been the victim of a brutal crime in the first place, and a prisoner for two or three months in consequence of it.

"There is a belief in the minds of all who know the circumstances of the case that the woman did not tell all she knew to the Grand Jury; that she did not desire to have her assailants indicted—and for a very significant reason. If an indictment had been found, the indicted parties would in all probability not be brought to trial before next June, and the woman feared that she would be still held in jail as a witness until that time, unless she could furnish bail.

"It will be readily conceived by any intelligent person what an obstacle to the procurement of evidence in criminal cases will be caused by the dread of witnesses to undergo such hardship."

Such a story is a disgrace to our civilization. A defenseless woman is robbed and outraged. She is at once immured in the cell of a wretched county jail as if she were a convicted criminal. She is kept there for two months, and when she is brought to testify, she declines to tell enough to warrant an indictment lest she should be imprisoned like a criminal for five months more, and the rascals consequently go free. There is nothing at once more ridiculous and revolting than this tale in the stories of English jails and criminal law a century and a half ago. The fault, so far as there is fault, is not that of the sheriff who keeps the jail, nor of the justice who commits. The law makes the sheriff the keeper of the jail, and designates three classes of prisoners—those detained for trial, those under sentence, and those held on civil process for contempt or as witnesses. It directs that there shall be a sufficient number of rooms for the separate confinement of each class. But that in any jail this provision is not made, and that the victims of crime are treated like criminals, is the fault of the county authorities. It is their duty to see that there are proper, comfortable, and separate quarters for those who are detained as witnesses, and if they fail to do it, they should feel the censure of local opinion.

This abuse would be corrected if the county jails, as the petitions before the Legislature pray, should cease to be used as places of punishment. They should be houses of detention only, and it should be made impossible to incarcerate a person for six months as a witness. Meanwhile this incident in Richmond County is but one of a thousand which show the opportunities on every hand of investigation and reform. Civilization is a work which is always doing and never done.

THE POPE.

We remember when the old priest who has just died in the Vatican, and whose recent career had been a prolonged protest against the advance of civilization and human development, was hailed as the liberator of nations and the hope of Italy. We have seen crowds reverently kneeling as he passed through the streets of Rome, blessing and blessed; and on a stormy New-Year's morning a vast multitude stood around the Quirinal Palace, and sang with fervent exultation the hymn of the Pope as if it had been that of the Nativity. He lived then in the Quirinal. The Vatican, associated with the sullen glooms of Gregory the Sixteenth, he left unoccupied, and his residence at the pleasant palace on the Quirinal Hill was eagerly interpreted as an indication of his hearty departure from the old and dark ways of the papacy. It was a generous and beautiful enthusiasm that he excited in the warm heart of Italy. Those days of illimitable hope are fondly remembered by patriotic Italians who have not hoped since. The reaction was complete, and the disappointment unspeakable.

The long reign of Pius has been full of events. It will be always memorable for the great victory of Italy in ending the temporal power of the papacy, and for the great triumph of the Jesuit influence in the Church in proclaiming papal infallibility. There is probably no human position in which individual tastes and wishes count for so little as that of head of the Church, except when there is the genius of a Hildebrand or the circumstances of a Julius. The late Pope seemed to be always personally a mild and humane man. His face upon his accession was sweet and winning, and his personal expression was exceedingly attractive. A natural grace and simple dignity gave great effect to the solemn functions in which he took part, and he was unquestionably widely and deeply loved by the people of the country. In the midst of the melancholy disappointment of his pontificate it is impossible not to regard him with sympathy and pity as a man constrained by contrary forces, and compelled to do what his heart did not desire. It will be long before the accession of a new Pope can excite any degree of the enthusiasm and expectation that saluted the coronation of Pius, and it is probable that the tiara will pass from the dead to the living head without a throb of public feeling, and with general unconcern.

WHO PAY INCOME TAXES?

A motion in the House of Representatives to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill for an income tax received nearly a two-thirds vote. This is significant of the feeling of the House, and may be regarded by the committee as an instruction, especially if it is inclined to the measure. A canvass of the committee makes this probable, so that the proposal of a renewed income tax may be offered at any time. Its position on the order of business, however, would be such that its passage could hardly be secured. But the important fact is the very large majority which the proposition obtained. The vote was 165 yeas against 88 nays. A scrutiny of the details of the vote shows that the chief support of the motion came from the West and the South, where the strength of the silver movement lies. It can not be doubted that the subject will be renewed until it is decisively settled.

Mr. M'Mahon, of Ohio, stated in his resolution of instruction to the committee that "in the present condition of public distress it is important that the wealthy of the country should bear a fair proportion of the burdens of taxation." It would not be an easy task to show that they do not bear a fair proportion of those burdens now, and it would not be at all difficult to prove that the Constitution of the United States makes no discrimination among classes of citizens. The attempt to stigmatize those who are successful in the contest in which all are engaged is a demagogism which is coming more and more into vogue. There is no

reason to suppose that the American citizen who succeeds in his honest business, whatever it may be, is less respectable or useful than the one who fails, and the effort to create prejudice against such persons as a cruel class is simply anarchical. If there is to be a school of politicians in this country who propose to stimulate and exasperate the hostility of labor against capital, as if they were natural enemies, there will be a constant agitation and mutual distrust, from which honest industry in every department will be the first and the greatest sufferer. The talk of Mr. VOORHEES, in his silver speech, was as unworthy an intelligent and patriotic American as his conduct during the war.

The supposition that the burden of an income tax would fall most heavily upon "the wealthy" is an error. They can evade it in a thousand ways. It falls mainly upon the honest receivers of fixed incomes. They can not disguise or conceal, and they must pay. Then, as we have already pointed out, the essentially inquisitorial nature of the tax is a premium upon perjury, and produces a sense of outrage which is fatal to the authority of all law. With unreflecting persons the convincing argument for the tax doubtless is that it relieves the poor and troubles only the rich. But not only is this a mistake in point of fact, but nothing is more clearly settled than that the producer finally pays the taxes. It is the laboring-man, the wage-receiving class, that ultimately pays, and the wise lawgiver, therefore, does not look out to discover upon what class he may throw the burden, but upon what principle taxation may be most equably distributed. If it can be shown that this result is most certainly secured by an income tax, the proposition will have a more intelligent support than now seems probable.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE situation in the East changes rapidly and in the most startling manner. The advance of the Russians toward Constantinople, if it is by understanding with the Turks, is an event of the utmost importance, because it would lead, if unopposed, to a modification of the map of Europe for which Europe can hardly be supposed to be ready. The excitement in England is the natural result of the appeal to the prejudice of John Bull which has been the main reliance of the Turkish party. Mr. BRIGHT said at Birmingham that there is in England a "malignant jealousy of Russia," which has existed for forty years. LECKY, also, in his late history of the eighteenth century in England, speaks of the English hatred of foreigners as remarkable. That the mob of London should break Mr. GLADSTONE's windows is doubtless an event to which Lord BEACONSFIELD resigns himself. But, for all that, Mr. GLADSTONE and JOHN BRIGHT, rather than DISRAELI, speak for the true England. The Abolitionists used to be mobbed in this country, but America was in the Abolition meeting.

We are still disposed to think that Russia will not provoke a general war. An actual occupation of Constantinople would apparently arouse all Europe, and the war would not be fought on the shores of the Hellespont. Nothing in history is more striking than the patience of Russia in the prosecution of her traditional policy of pushing southward. It is a natural, an inevitable policy. Spain, France, Italy, Austria, and England all have an entrance into the Mediterranean, and all maintain themselves there without necessarily exciting mutual hostility. Russia at Constantinople does not threaten England more than France at Toulon threatens her, or Italy with her fleet at all her harbors. But it is not reason which will determine the question. The prospect is very dark if Russia should actually hold Constantinople, yet her diplomacy is so cool and shrewd that we look to see her extricate herself and Europe from the very delicate situation. She will press the Conference, unless events should be such that hostilities should at once begin. And if the Conference should meet, the diplomatic genius of Russia would probably be equal to the occasion.

The great fault of the BEACONSFIELD management of the situation during the war has been its vacillation and obscurity. It has been the management of a man who wants to fight and awaits a plausible pretext, and therefore declines to say what he means. The government has declared that it would be neutral until "British interests" were touched, but it has carefully forborne to define the phrase, and has busily excited the national prejudices and passions. How British interests were bound up with the Turkish oppressions of subject Christians it has not explained. On what ground England declined to join Russia in demanding adequate guarantees for their protection has never satisfactorily appeared. The position of England would have been very much better if the Liberal policy had guided her councils last year. For the war which that policy would have prevented would not only have disposed of Russian rights sure to accrue from war, but would have stayed the mortal blow which Turkey has now received. In case of the worst, although Mr. FORSTER has withdrawn his amendment, and the Liberal party do not formally oppose the present action of the government, there is a deep and angry feeling upon the part of full half the country that the possible catastrophe of war is due to the perverse folly of the government.

EXECUTIVE INTERFERENCE WITH LEGISLATION.

IT is curious that many of those who cordially approve and sustain the President in his desire to protect the Executive authority from the unwarrantable interference of Congress are nevertheless anxious that he should exert some direct and positive influence upon Congressional action. No attempt could be more ill advised. There is nothing that the country would so surely and sharply resent as any open and direct interference of the Executive power with legislation, and one of the cardinal objects of a thorough reform of the civil service is the separation between the two branches of the government which the Constitution prescribes and which the President seeks. The nature of party and parliamentary government is such that enormous corruption instantly follows the effort of the Executive to affect legislation. It produces the most appalling abuses of patronage, and the story can be fully read in the administrations of WALPOLE and of BUTE.

The Constitution defines the kind of influence that the President may bring to bear upon Congress. He may communicate his views and his recommendations. But if under this authority he should send in message after message at various stages of the Congressional debates upon vital questions, so as practically to take part in the discussions, his conduct would be justly held to be virtually a violation of the Constitution, which makes him a part of the legislature only under certain conditions. If he could send messages in this manner during a debate, under the plea of recommending measures, he could also attend in person to make them verbally. Would that be tolerated? With the immense patronage at his command to reward and punish, his participation in debate would not be permitted for a moment.

But it is said that without transcending the obvious proprieties of his position, or the just constitutional limits, he could exert an influence upon legislation. In a very limited way this is true. To intimate and confidential political friends he might represent the urgency of a question, and indicate his earnest interest in a particular settlement. But even this is a position not without danger. Under the present usages of administration it is hardly possible that the complete independence of either side would be preserved, and the advantage that might be assumed to be sometimes gained by such expressions would be imperceptible when compared with the abuses and evils that would surely follow. Moreover, the convictions of a President upon any really vital question are always known. He owes his election to the fact that he represents certain opinions. In the present case the President in his annual Message has stated his general position upon the financial question. He is surrounded by a cabinet whose views are equally known. It would be a great and dangerous error if he should now take an active part in the agitation.

PERSONAL.

DR. GIBSON, of Erie, Pennsylvania, has given $80,000 to the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, to be devoted to the publication and free distribution of the Scriptures in Palestine and Egypt, in Arabic, Coptic, or other languages that may be required.

—The Rev. THOMAS WYNNE EDWARDS, recently deceased, pulled stroke in the first eight-oared race ever rowed at Oxford. He was probably the oldest freeholder in England, having held his estate for eighty-one years and nine months. He was also one of the oldest beneficed clergymen in England. The race in which he participated as a student of Jesus College was rowed in 1815. It was not till 1826 that rowing was instituted at Cambridge, and not till three years later did the two universities come together in the first of their long series of races.

—Saith EDMUND YATES: "I have seen many services for the illustrious dead, but none more imposing than that for VICTOR EMANUEL at the Madeleine last Thursday. The whole interior was hung with black, silver-star spangled. From the dome hung a gigantic crown, whence enormous scarfs descended over the catafalque. All the windows were closed by these mourning draperies, and the faint light of the candelabra only served to make the gloom of the black-tapestried immensity apparent. The opening music was, however, singularly inappropriate. First was played SCHUBERT's 'Serenade,' so achingly full of life and love longings, and then a cheerful pastorale. The auditors were almost expecting a tarantelle to follow, when some grand music effaced the disastrous effect of the opening. DELLE SEDIE sang with exquisite method, though very insufficient volume of voice; but PANDOLFINI's masterly declamation left nothing to be desired."

—The announcement that the well-known book firm of JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent, and that a new one has been formed under the name of HOUGHTON, OSGOOD, & Co., is of more than ordinary interest to the literary world of America. The traditions of the old house of TICKNOR & FIELDS still lingered in the firm of which Mr. BENJAMIN H. TICKNOR was a member; and with his retirement and entry into new pursuits the line of literary descent becomes extinct. The new firm consists of Messrs. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, JAMES R. OSGOOD, and GEORGE H. MIFFLIN. Mr. OSGOOD is well known as a gentleman of culture, refinement, and geniality. He brings into the new association a large experience in publishing, a wide acquaintance with the authors of America and England, business sagacity of no common order, a spirit of untiring enterprise, and a deserved reputation for fairness and liberality. Mr. HOUGHTON has for many years been at the head of the well-known Riverside Press, celebrated all over the country for the correctness, beauty, and elegance of the work performed under his superintendence. Mr. MIFFLIN, the junior partner, is a son of Dr. MIFFLIN, of Boston. The new firm has the best wishes and congratulations of their fellow-publishers throughout the country.

—The late Chief Justice CHASE was fond of his little joke. Some years ago, in speaking her mind to the Chief Justice, Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES (who is twice as old as she looks) told him that she should plead before the bar until she was one hundred and fifty years old. "And to think, madam, that this is to be kept up one hundred and twenty-five years longer," said the Chief Justice, as he bowed to the active widow.

—Brooklyn has lost an old and highly respected citizen by the death of Captain MOTT BEDELL, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was born at Hempstead, Long Island, in 1794, his father being General BEDELL, who took part in the Revolutionary war. The deceased in early life was captain of a vessel plying between Norfolk and New York, and subsequently carried on business as a commission merchant in this city, in South Street, where he amassed a fortune. One of his daughters married Mr. A. A. Low, of Brooklyn. He has been a member for many years of Grace Church on the Heights.

—A correspondent very kindly calls our attention to an error in date which crept into a "personal" anent the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He writes: "You say it was started in 1740, by EDWARD CAVE. The fact is it was started in 1731, by SYLVANUS URBAN." We confess the oversight as to date, but maintain the correctness of the rest of our statement. The *Gentleman's Magazine* was started in 1731 by EDWARD CAVE, who employed as editor SYLVANUS URBAN, a gentleman of fine abilities and culture, who has proved to be a very METHUSELAH of editors. Generations of publishers have gone the way of all men, and crumbled into dust; but S. U. still edits the *Gentleman's*, as any one may see by consulting the title-page. He is now, in his one-hundred-and-seventy-first year, a well-preserved specimen of the "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time," and is still as clear in intellect, as sound in judgment, as vivacious in writing, as when, at the age of thirty, he entered upon his long and successful career; and we have no doubt that Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS, the present publishers, will pass him on to their successors. He may prove to be the "last man" of CAMPBELL's poetic vision.

—GARIBALDI is reported to have written to King HUMBERT, begging him to follow in the steps of his father, and make his country happy.

—Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, who is travelling with General GRANT, says that when the party were in Naples they went to a dingy old museum, which failed to interest them. The guide said, "This is the picture of Mr. So-and-so, who generously gave his museum to Naples." "Well," said General GRANT, in an aside tone, "if I had a museum like this, I would give it to Naples or whoever would take it."

—A few days ago, in Albany, Judge WALLACE had before him in the United States Court a poor woman who was arraigned for selling liquor without a license. It was evident to all in court that she was poor. Her clothing was of the thinnest and scantiest description, and she confessed to the truth of the charge under the plea of poverty and a desire to keep out of the poor-house by the profits upon the few sales she made. To fine her was to send her to prison. It was a hard case, and the heart of the judge rebelled against such a disposition of the poor woman. Finally, he straightened up in his seat as an idea struck him, and quickly said, "I fine you fifty dollars; now let them collect it if they can; you go home."

—In 1862, during the rebellion, the late Bishop DOMENEC, of Pittsburgh, was, at the instance of the late Archbishop HUGHES, sent by the Federal government to Madrid, where he was largely instrumental in preventing the recognition of the Confederate States as a belligerent by the Spanish government.

—Dr. DORNER, of Berlin, the greatest living theologian of Germany, has published in the *Jahrbücher für Deutsche Theologie* an appreciative review of Dr. SCHAFF's *Creeds of Christendom*, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS. In the course of his article he remarks: "Es ist ein sehr dankenswerthes theologisches Werk,—dabei auch äusserlich trefflich ausgestattet von der hochangesehenen Firma HARPER,—was uns hier aus der neuen Welt geboten wird, ein Werk, dessen Conception schon ein grosser Gedanke ist, der nicht gewöhnlichen Muth und Unternehmungsgeist voraussetzt, während zum Gelingen desselben ausgebreitete Studien, günstige, die Quellen allseitig zugänglich machende äussere Verhältnisse, und ein warmes Herz für die Einheit der Kirche Christi auf Erden, die trotz so vieler Spaltungen doch noch nicht zerissen ist. Das Werk ist auch in der That so beschaffen, dass es eine fühlbare Lücke in der theologischen Literatur überhaupt, so gut als es irgend von einem ersten Wurf erwartet werden kann, ausfüllt.....Ich schliesse mit aufrichtigem Dank für das fleissig gearbeitete und auch für uns Deutsche vielfach lehrreiche Werk; möge es auch unter uns vielfache Verbreitung finden."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The discussion of the Silver Bill was renewed on the 4th inst. Mr. Beck submitted an amendment directing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase not less than $3,000,000 per month in silver bullion, and as much more as can be coined at the mints, and coin it. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriations Bill was reported in the House. The amount asked for is $1,034,935, or $103,439 less than last year's. An effort was made to suspend the rules and order an income tax bill to be reported, and also to authorize subcommittees investigating Treasury expenditures to travel, but neither motion received the required two-thirds vote. The income tax resolution failed by only eleven votes. Mr. Southard, of Ohio, introduced a bill authorizing the payment of customs in legal tender notes, and Mr. Mills, of Texas, a bill providing that all bonds hereafter issued by the government shall be payable, principal and interest, in gold, silver, or legal tender notes.—On the 5th, two more amendments to the Silver Bill were proposed, one by Senator Eaton, making the weight of the dollar 440 grains, and the other by Senator Teller, to issue certificates of deposit on silver bullion deposited in the United States Treasury. The Senate Committee on Finance reported, with an amendment, the bill to authorize a long bond for the investment of savings. In the House, the bill extending the time for completing the Northern Pacific Railroad for ten years was reported and recommitted. The House Committee on the Judiciary took a vote on the proposition for a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, as presented and advocated by the late Female Suffrage Convention. The vote was even, standing five to five. Mr. Mills, of Texas, has a bill before the House Committee of the Whole which provides that all debts contracted by officers or agents of the United States government in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas for supplies furnished to the army, or for rent and occupation of real estate, since June 30, 1865, be ordered paid upon full proof of the justness of the same, and that the war of the rebellion be declared to have been ended prior to the 30th day of June, 1865. The bill thus overturns a rule of nearly ten years' standing, and proposes to shorten the legal duration of the rebellion almost fourteen months.—On the 6th, Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, submitted resolutions asking for information as to the condition of the Life-saving Service on the North Carolina coast. The House ordered an investigation of the wreck of the *Metropolis*. The Senate confirmed the nomination of Charles R. Coster as Pension Agent at New York.—The House, on the 7th, admitted Mr. Wigginton, the Democratic contestant from the Fourth District of California. The nomination of Henry W. Hilliard as minister to Brazil was confirmed. Senator Blaine made a long speech in advocacy of his silver bill, which he offered as a substitute for the Bland bill. It provides for a dollar of 425 grains.—On the 8th, a bill appropriating $18,430 to pay for the use of the Pioneer Mills, in Alexandria, Virginia, during the war, was rejected.

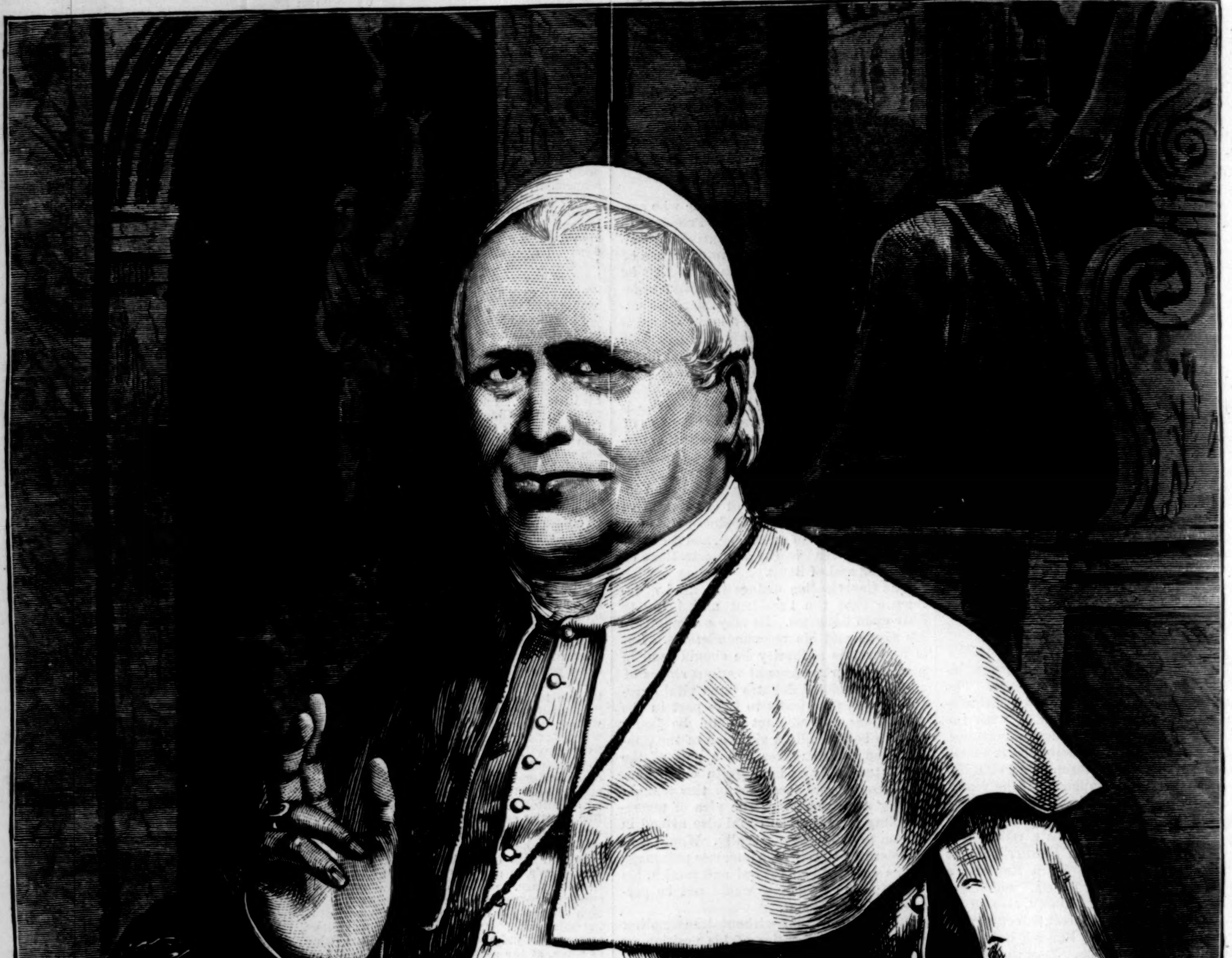
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The peace preliminaries and armistice were signed at Adrianople on the 31st ult. The following are given as the conditions of the protocol: 1. The erection of Bulgaria into a principality. 2. A war indemnity, or territory in compensation. 3. The independence of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each. 4. Reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina. 5. An ulterior understanding between the Sultan and the Czar regarding the Dardanelles. 6. The evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Erzerum.—All the signatory powers, including Russia, have accepted Austria's proposal for a conference to settle the European questions resulting from the war. Russia, however, objects to Vienna, or any other great capital, as the place of sitting.—The Czar, on the 3d inst., after an inspection, addressed his troops as follows: "I congratulate you upon the armistice, the satisfactory conditions of which are due to our brave troops, who proved that for them nothing is impossible of accomplishment. We are still, however, far from the end, and must continue to hold ourselves prepared until we obtain a durable peace worthy of Russia."—A change has been made in the Turkish government: the office of Grand Vizier has been abolished, and a new ministry has been formed, consisting of Ahmed Vefik Effendi, President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of the Interior; Server Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Raouf Pasha, Minister of War; Said Pasha, Minister of Marine; Kiani Pasha, Minister of Finance; Namyk Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery; Safvet Pasha, President of the Council of State; and Ohannes Tchamitchian Effendi, Minister of Public Works and Commerce.—The Russians have occupied outposts near the Turkish line of defense in front of Constantinople. There was great excitement in England on receipt of this news.—In the House of Commons, on the 7th, Mr. Forster withdrew his amendment to the government's motion for a supplementary vote. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that England had asked an explanation of Russia, particularly calling the Czar's attention to his declaration in July last that Constantinople should not be occupied unless the military situation rendered it necessary. On the night of the 7th the streets of London were thronged with crowds singing "God Save the Queen," and making demonstrations in favor of the government. The windows of Mr. Gladstone's town house and of the *Daily News* were broken by the excited people.—On the 8th, the House of Commons passed the supplementary vote of £6,000,000, by 328 to 124. On the same day, five British war-vessels were ordered to Constantinople "to protect the lives and property of British subjects."—Erzerum surrendered on the 4th inst., and three days later Chatalja, Silivria (on the Sea of Marmora), and Osmanli.—The Russian losses up to January 30 amounted to 89,304 in killed and wounded.—The Greek troops crossed the border and entered Thessaly and Epirus on the 3d inst., but on the 7th hostilities were stopped, with the understanding that all causes of dissension should be referred to the conference of the powers. The Greek army is to remain where it is, and the Turks are not to attack the insurgents in Crete.—Suleiman Pasha has gone to Larissa, the capital of the province of Thessaly.—Both the Roumanian Houses, on the 7th, declared their determination to maintain the integrity of Roumania, and not to agree to exchange any portion of the country for territorial or other compensation.—The Grand Duke Nicholas, on the 7th, telegraphed to St. Petersburg that, in accordance with the understanding between the Russian and Turkish plenipotentiaries, free commercial intercourse by land and sea is to be immediately re-established between Turkey and Russia.

A shocking calamity occurred in China on the 4th inst. An asylum for women and children in the city of Tien-tsin, sixty-five miles south of Pekin, was burned, and over 2000 persons perished in the fire.

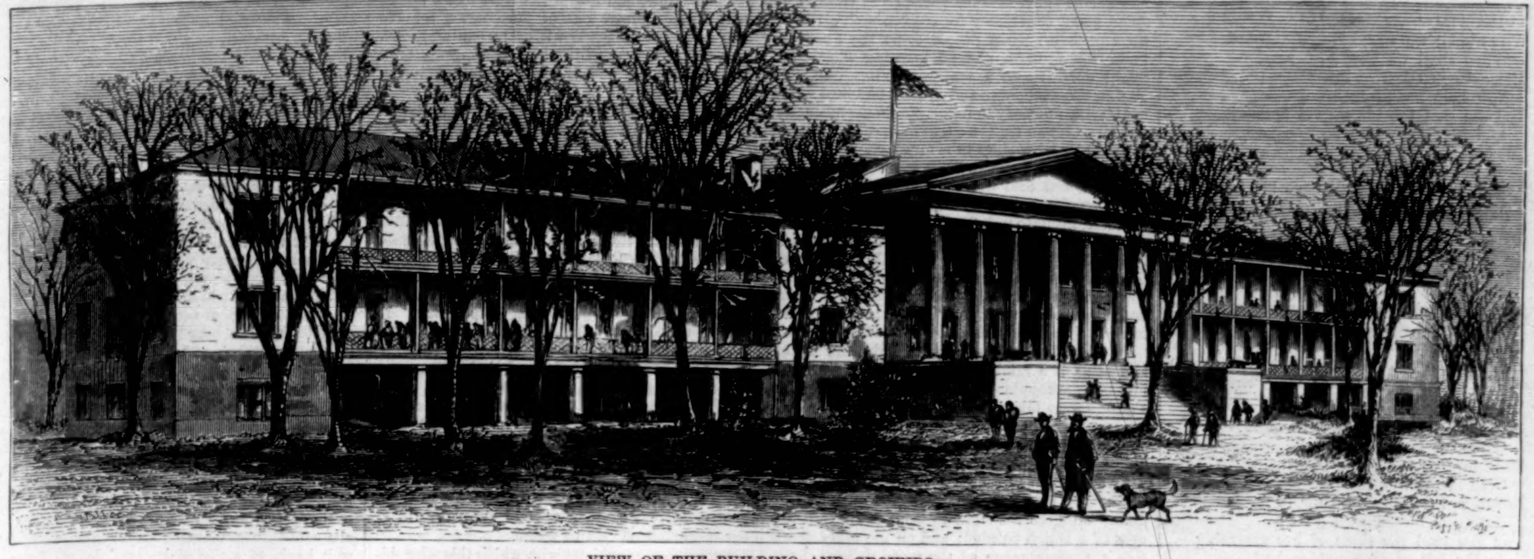
The German Parliament was opened February 6. The royal speech was read by Herr Camphausen. In the passage relating to foreign affairs the Emperor expressed the hope that a speedy peace would enable the principles of the Constantinople Conference to be applied and durably established. The comparatively slight participation of Germany in Eastern affairs allowed the empire to display disinterested co-operation in the arrangements that might be made by the powers concerning future guarantees against a recurrence of trouble in the East, and for the amelioration of the condition of the Christian populations. Meantime the Emperor's policy had attained its object, inasmuch as it had essentially contributed to the preservation of peace between the European powers, and the relations of Germany with all powers remained not only peaceful but altogether friendly.

The Khanate of Kashgaria has ceased to exist, all the towns formerly held by Yakoob Beg having submitted to the Chinese.



PIUS THE NINTH.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

BORN MAY 13, 1792.—ELECTED SUPREME PONTIFF JUNE 16, 1846.—DIED FEBRUARY 7, 1878.



VIEW OF THE BUILDING AND GROUNDS.

A HOME FOR OLD SAILORS.

THE United States Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, of which we give several illustrations, is pleasantly situated on Gray's Ferry Road, in the middle of a large plot of government ground, containing about twenty-five acres, handsomely laid out. The building is a substantial and elegant stone structure, and here a hundred and fifty old sailors and marines of the United States navy find a comfortable and pleasant home. Twenty years of continuous service in the navy entitle one to admission to this retreat; but the rule is frequently waived in favor of those who have been disabled in the discharge of their duty. The term is not excessive. There are men still in active duty who have served thirty and even forty years; and one old fellow in the asylum has a good record of over fifty-two years of service. Among the inmates is an aged seaman who fought under PERRY on Lake Erie, and another who served in the war against the Barbary powers in 1815.

The building is three stories in height. The dormitories are ranged on each side of long corridors which run the whole length of the building on the three floors. Each man has a room to himself, and within small limits is sole master and disposer of its arrangement. He can furnish it with additional comforts if he pleases and can afford it. Without these additions, however, the chambers are very comfortable and home-like. A bed, a wardrobe, wash-stand, table, and chairs are the uniform furniture of each. In many the taste of the occupant has introduced pictures, knickknacks, and other adornments. Every thing is bright and clean. Here the retired pensioner spends most of his time. Sometimes he reads, sometimes takes naps, sometimes sits and runs over the past. When he gets tired of himself, his books, and his memories, he leaves his room and goes into the general sitting-room, where he finds some boon fellow to talk to or have a game of cards with.

The inmates are furnished by government with an ample supply of neat, comfortable, and serviceable clothing, and a fine suit of uniform, which they may wear at all times if they choose, as many of them do, and must wear at muster on the first day of each month, at funerals, and on other public occasions when they are called together. They are also given a small sum of money per month, to spend as they like.

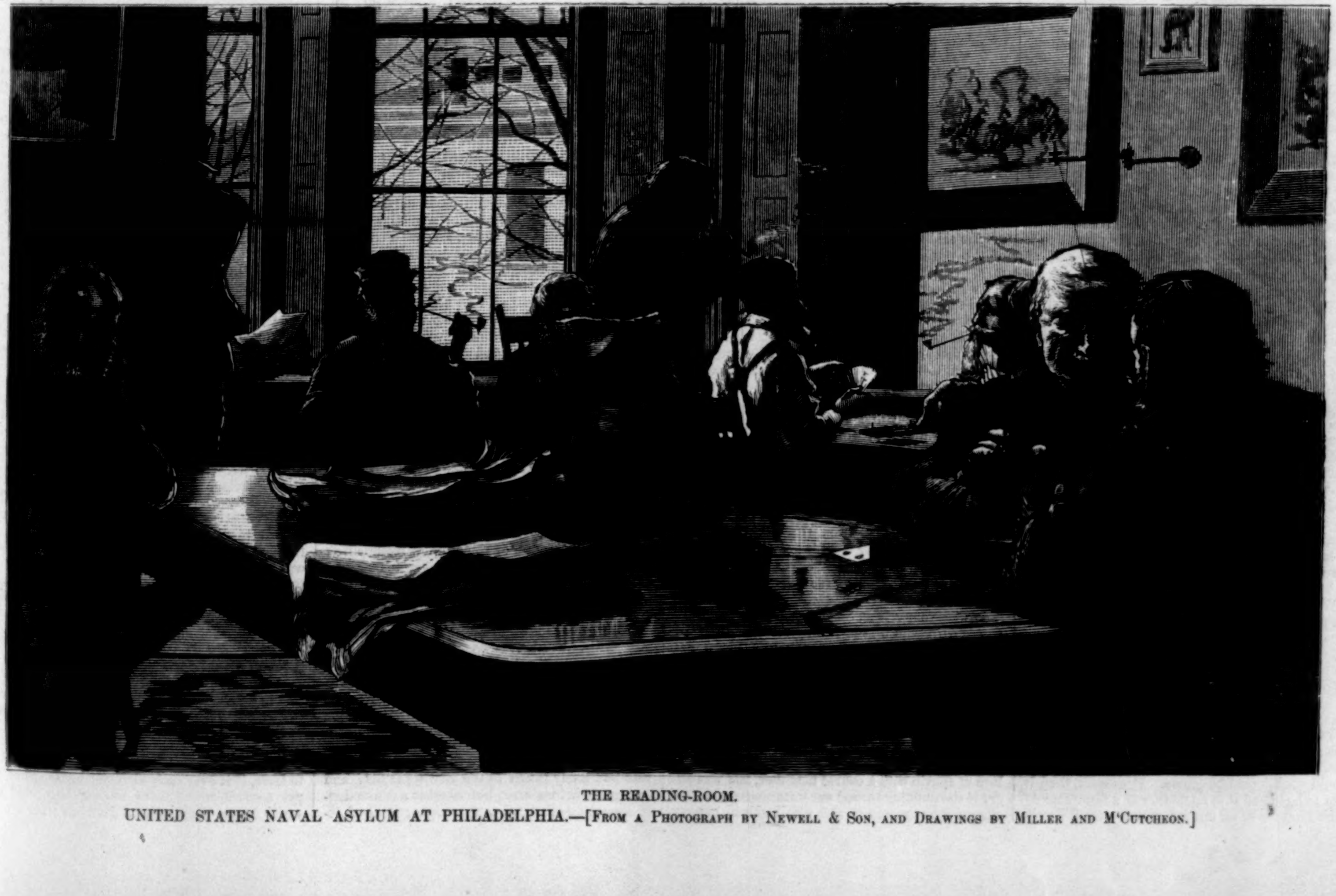
THE BROAD STAIRWAY.

Each inmate is furnished by the government with a pound and a half of tobacco per month. He can smoke when and where he pleases, and he avails himself of the soothing privilege to an extent which is plainly evident as one approaches his haunts. Some employ the time further in rigging ships, and carving, and in other light handiwork. One man has a special interest in canaries, and keeps the sitting-room vocal with the songs of his lovingly tended and grateful pets.

There is an excellent reading-room in the building, comfortably furnished with tables and chairs, and well supplied with books, newspapers, and magazines. Some of the old fellows are great readers of books of travel, but most of them prefer novels, those of a sensational character being decidedly the most popular. Every Sunday there is divine service in the asylum chapel, which, to the great grief of the worthy chaplain, is very slimly attended. Most of the sailors spend their Sunday with friends outside the grounds.

In case of illness the old sailor is taken into a spacious hospital in the rear of the main building. Skillful medical attendance and careful nursing are his from first to last. And there he passes away, in hands as gentle as kindness can make them. He is carried to his grave with solemn honors, and buried in a neat and pleasantly adorned plot of ground owned by the government in the Mount Moriah Cemetery. The graves are marked with simple head-stones, on which are cut the name and age of the deceased.

About eight hundred old and disabled sailors and marines have enjoyed the benefits of this admirably conducted institution since it was established. The increase in numbers is very slow, as the deaths very nearly equal the admissions. Sailors love freedom, and rarely apply for admission until nearly worn out.



THE READING-ROOM.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ASYLUM AT PHILADELPHIA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NEWELL & SON, AND DRAWINGS BY MILLER AND M'CUTCHEON.]

WHEN SHALL WE WED?

WHEN shall we wed, sweet Jeannie—
 When shall we wed, I say?
The days in the year are plenty;
 Now help me to choose a day.
You see that the birds have spring-time,
 And it never would do, my dear,
To share the cooing of pigeons,
 Or the crowing of chanticleer.
Oh, Cupid in feathers shall have his way:
We never shall wed in the spring, I say.

When shall we wed, sweet Jeannie?
 Oh, never in summer-time;
Our love was born in the Highlands,
 He'd faint in a torrid clime.
The mower shall whet his scythe, love,
 The farmer shall pluck his corn;
The bees they may woo the rose, love,
 And leave the buds forlorn.
Such fickle Cupids may have their way:
No summer wedding for me, I say.

When shall we wed, sweet Jeannie?
 Oh, never in autumn hours:
The blood of the grape is dripping;
 Gray is the sky that lowers;
Brown is the fallen brush-wood;
 Nature is bowed with grief;
You can read the signs of her mourning
 In the fall of each sodden leaf.
There's naught in the autumn but grim decay;
It never shall frown on our wedding day.

When shall we wed, sweet Jeannie?
 When winter is at our doors.
Just hark how the hearth fire kindles,
 And the sturdy back-log roars.
The days of the year are plenty,
 And swiftly away they run;
But hark ye, my bonnie lassie,
 The lovers have only one.
Oh, Jeannie and Jockey shall have their way—
Our wedding shall be on Valentine's Day.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

BROTHER JACOB.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "DANIEL DERONDA," "MIDDLEMARCH," "ADAM BEDE," "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS," ETC.

"Trompeurs, c'est pour vous que j'écris, attendez-vous à la pareille."—LA FONTAINE.

CHAPTER II.

IT was nearly six years after the departure of Mr. David Faux for the West Indies that the vacant shop in the market-place at Grimworth was understood to have been let to the stranger with a sallow complexion and a buff cravat, whose first appearance had caused some excitement in the bar of the Woolpack, where he had called to wait for the coach.

Grimworth, to a discerning eye, was a good place to set up shop-keeping in. There was no competition in it at present; the Church people had their own grocer and draper; the Dissenters had theirs; and the two or three butchers found a ready market for their joints without strict reference to religious persuasion—except that the rector's wife had given a general order for the veal sweet-breads and the mutton kidneys, while Mr. Rodd, the Baptist minister, had requested that, so far as was compatible with the fair accommodation of other customers, the sheep's trotters might be reserved for him. And it was likely to be a growing place, for the trustees of Mr. Zephaniah Crypt's Charity, under the stimulus of a late visitation by commissioners, were beginning to apply long-accumulating funds to the rebuilding of the Yellow Coat School, which was henceforth to be carried forward on a greatly extended scale, the testator having left no restrictions concerning the curriculum, but only concerning the coat.

The shop-keepers at Grimworth were by no means unanimous as to the advantages promised by this prospect of increased population and trading, being substantial men, who liked doing a quiet business in which they were sure of their customers, and could calculate their returns to a nicety. Hitherto it had been held a point of honor by the families in Grimworth parish to buy their sugar and their flannel at the shops where their fathers and mothers had bought before them; but if new-comers were to bring in the system of neck-and-neck trading, and solicit feminine eyes by gown pieces laid in fan-like folds, and surmounted by artificial flowers, giving them a factitious charm (for on what human figure would a gown sit like a fan, or what female head was like a bunch of china-asters?), or if new grocers were to fill their windows with mountains of currants and sugar, made seductive by contrast and tickets, what security was there for Grimworth, that a vagrant spirit in shopping, once introduced, would not in the end carry the most important families to the larger market-town of Cattleton, where, business being done on a system of small profits and quick returns, the fashions were of the freshest, and goods of all kinds might be bought at an advantage?

With this view of the times predominant among the trades-people at Grimworth, their uncertainty concerning the nature of the business which the sallow-complexioned stranger was about to set up in the vacant shop naturally gave some additional strength to the fears of the less sanguine. If he was going to sell drapery, it was probable that a pale-faced fellow like that would deal in showy and inferior articles—printed cottons and muslins which would leave their dye in the wash-tub, jobbed linen full of knots, and flannel that would soon look like gauze. If grocery, then it was to be hoped that no mother of a family would trust the teas of an untried grocer. Such things had been known in some parishes as tradesmen going about canvassing for custom with cards in their pockets: when people came from nobody knew where, there was no knowing what they might do. It was a thousand pities that Mr. Moffat, the auctioneer and broker, had died without leaving any body to follow him in the business, and Mrs. Cleve's trustee ought to have known better than to let a shop to a stranger. Even the discovery that ovens were being put up on the premises, and that the shop was, in fact, being fitted up for a confectioner and pastry-cook's business, hitherto unknown in Grimworth, did not quite suffice to turn the scale in the new-comer's favor, though the landlady at the Woolpack defended him warmly, said he seemed to be a very clever young man, and from what she could make out, came of a very good family; indeed, was most likely a good many people's betters.

It certainly made a blaze of light and color, almost as if a rainbow had suddenly descended into the market-place, when, one fine morning, the shutters were taken down from the new shop, and the two windows displayed their decorations. On one side there were the variegated tints of collared and marbled meats, set off by bright green leaves, the pale brown of glazed pies, the rich tones of sauces and bottled fruits inclosed in their veil of glass—altogether a sight to bring tears into the eyes of a Dutch painter; and on the other there was a predominance of the more delicate hues of pink, and white, and yellow, and buff, in the abundant lozenges, candies, sweet biscuits, and icings, which to the eyes of a bilious person might easily have been blended into a faery landscape in Turner's latest style. What a sight to dawn upon the eyes of Grimworth children! They almost forgot to go to their dinner that day, their appetites being preoccupied with imaginary sugar-plums; and I think even Punch, setting up his tabernacle in the market-place, would not have succeeded in drawing them away from those shop windows, where they stood according to gradations of size and strength, the biggest and strongest being nearest the window, and the little ones in the outermost rows lifting wide-open eyes and mouths toward the upper tier of jars, like small birds at meal-time.

The elder inhabitants pished and pshawed a little at the folly of the new shop-keeper in venturing on such an outlay in goods that would not keep. To be sure, Christmas was coming, but what housewife in Grimworth would not think shame to furnish forth her table with articles that were not home-cooked? No, no; Mr. Edward Freely, as he called himself, was deceived if he thought Grimworth money was to flow into his pockets on such terms.

Edward Freely was the name that shone in gilt letters on a mazarine ground over the door-place of the new shop—a generous-sounding name that might have belonged to the open-hearted, improvident hero of an old comedy, who would have delighted in raining sugared almonds, like a new manna-gift, among that small generation outside the windows. But Mr. Edward Freely was a man whose impulses were kept in due subordination: he held that the desire for sweets and pastry must only be satisfied in a direct ratio with the power of paying for them. If the smallest child in Grimworth would go to him with a half-penny in its tiny fist, he would, after ringing the half-penny, deliver a just equivalent in "rock." He was not a man to cheat even the smallest child; he often said so, observing at the same time that he loved honesty, and also that he was very tender-hearted, though he didn't show his feelings as some people did.

Either in reward of such virtue, or according to some more hidden law of sequence, Mr. Freely's business, in spite of prejudice, started under favorable auspices. For Mrs. Chaloner, the rector's wife, was among the earliest customers at the shop, thinking it only right to encourage a new parishioner who had made a decorous appearance at church; and she found Mr. Freely a most civil, obliging young man, and intelligent to a surprising degree for a confectioner; well-principled, too, for in giving her useful hints about choosing sugars he had thrown much light on the dishonesty of other tradesmen. Moreover, he had been in the West Indies, and had seen the very estate which had been her poor grandfather's property; and he said the missionaries were the only cause of the negro's discontent—an observing young man, evidently. Mrs. Chaloner ordered wine-biscuits and olives, and gave Mr. Freely to understand that she should find his shop a great convenience. So did the doctor's wife, and so did Mrs. Gate, at the large carding mill, who, having high connections frequently visiting her, might be expected to have a large consumption of ratafias and macaroons.

The less aristocratic matrons of Grimworth seemed likely at first to justify their husbands' confidence that they would never pay a percentage of profits on drop-cakes, instead of making their own, or get up a hollow show of liberal housekeeping by purchasing slices of collared meat when a neighbor came in for supper. But it is my task to narrate the gradual corruption of Grimworth manners from their primitive simplicity—a melancholy task, if it were not cheered by the prospect of the fine peripateia or downfall by which the progress of the corruption was ultimately checked.

It was young Mrs. Steene, the veterinary surgeon's wife, who first gave way to temptation. I fear she had been rather overeducated for her station in life, for she knew by heart many passages in "Lalla Rookh," the "Corsair," and the "Siege of Corinth," which had given her a distaste for domestic occupations, and caused her a withering disappointment at the discovery that Mr. Steene, since his marriage, had lost all interest in the "bulbul," openly preferred discussing the nature of spavin with a coarse neighbor, and was angry if the pudding turned out watery—indeed, was simply a top-booted "vet," who came in hungry at dinner-time, and not in the least like a nobleman turned corsair out of pure scorn for his race, or like a renegade with a turban and crescent, unless it were in the irritability of his temper. And anger is such a very different thing in top-boots!

This brutal man had invited a supper party for Christmas-eve, when he would expect to see mince-pies on the table. Mrs. Steene had prepared her mince-meat, and had devoted much butter, fine flour, and labor to the making of a batch of pies in the morning; but they proved to be so very heavy when they came out of the oven that she could only think with trembling of the moment when her husband should catch sight of them on the supper table. He would storm at her, she was certain, and before all the company; and then she should never help crying. It was so dreadful to think she had come to that, after the bulbul and every thing! Suddenly the thought darted through her mind that *this once* she might send for a dish of mince-pies from Freely's: she knew he had some. But what was to become of the eighteen heavy mince-pies? Oh, it was of no use thinking about that; it was very expensive—indeed, making mince-pies at all was a great expense, when they were not sure to turn out well: it would be much better to buy them ready-made. You paid a little more for them, but there was no risk of waste.

Such was the sophistry with which this misguided young woman— Enough. Mrs. Steene sent for the mince-pies, and, I am grieved to add, garbled her household accounts in order to conceal the fact from her husband. This was the second step in a downward course, all owing to a young woman's being out of harmony with her circumstances, yearning after renegades and bulbuls, and being subject to claims from a veterinary surgeon fond of mince-pies. The third step was to harden herself by telling the fact of the bought mince-pies to her intimate friend Mrs. Mole, who had already guessed it, and who subsequently encouraged herself in buying a mould of jelly, instead of exerting her own skill, by the reflection that "other people" did the same sort of thing. The infection spread; soon there was a party or clique in Grimworth on the side of "buying at Freely's;" and many husbands, kept for some time in the dark on this point, innocently swallowed at two mouthfuls a tart on which they were paying a profit of a hundred per cent., and as innocently encouraged a fatal disingenuousness in the partners of their bosoms by praising the pastry. Others, more keen-sighted, winked at the too frequent presentation on washing-days and at impromptu suppers of superior spiced beef, which flattered their palates more than the cold remnants they had formerly been contented with. Every housewife who had once "bought at Freely's" felt a secret joy when she detected a similar perversion in her neighbor's practice, and soon only two or three old-fashioned mistresses of families held out in the protest against the growing demoralization, saying to their neighbors who came to sup with them, "I can't offer you Freely's beef, or Freely's cheese-cakes; every thing in our house is home-made. I'm afraid you'll hardly have any appetite for our plain pastry." The doctor, whose cook was not satisfactory, the curate, who kept no cook, and the mining agent, who was a great *bon vivant*, even began to rely on Freely for the greater part of their dinner when they wished to give an entertainment of some brilliancy. In short, the business of manufacturing the more fanciful viands was fast passing out of the hands of maids and matrons in private families, and was becoming the work of a special commercial organ.

I am not ignorant that this sort of thing is called the inevitable course of civilization, division of labor, and so forth, and that the maids and matrons may be said to have had their hands set free from cookery to add to the wealth of society in some other way. Only it happened at Grimworth, which, to be sure, was a low place, that the maids and matrons could do nothing with their hands at all better than cooking; not even those who had always made sad cakes and leathery pastry. And so it came to pass that the progress of civilization at Grimworth was not otherwise apparent than in the impoverishment of men, the gossiping idleness of women, and the heightening prosperity of Mr. Edward Freely.

The Yellow Coat School was a double source of profit to the calculating confectioner, for he opened an eating-room for the superior workmen employed on the new school, and he accommodated the pupils at the old school by giving great attention to the fancy-sugar department. When I think of the sweet-tasted swans and other ingenious white shapes crunched by the small teeth of that rising generation, I am glad to remember that a certain amount of calcareous food has been held good for young creatures whose bones are not quite formed; for I have observed these delicacies to have an inorganic flavor which would have recommended them greatly to that young lady of the *Spectator's* acquaintance who habitually made her dessert on the stems of tobacco pipes.

As for the confectioner himself, he made his way gradually into Grimworth homes, as his commodities did, in spite of some initial repugnance. Somehow or other his reception as a guest seemed a thing that required justifying, like the purchasing of his pastry. In the first place, he was a stranger, and therefore open to suspicion; secondly, the confectionery business was so entirely new at Grimworth that its place in the scale of rank had not been distinctly ascertained. There was no doubt about drapers and grocers, when they came of good old Grimworth families, like Mr. Luff and Mr. Prettyman: they visited with the Palfreys, and the Palfreys farmed their own land, played many a game at whist with the doctor, and condescended a little toward the timber merchant, who had lately taken to the coal trade also, and had got new furniture; but whether a confectioner should be admitted to this higher level of respectability, or should be understood to find his associates among butchers and bakers, was a new question on which tradition threw no light. His being a bachelor was in his favor, and would, perhaps, have been enough to turn the scale, even if Mr. Edward Freely's other personal pretensions had been of an entirely insignificant cast. But, so far from this, it very soon appeared that he was a remarkable young man, who had been in the West Indies, and had seen many wonders by sea and land, so that he could charm the ears of Grimworth Desdemonas with stories of strange fish, especially sharks, which he had stabbed in the nick of time by bravely plunging overboard just as the monster was turning on his side to devour the cook's mate; of terrible fevers which he had undergone in a land where the wind blows from all quarters at once; of rounds of toast cut straight from the bread-fruit trees; of toes bitten off by land-crabs; of large honors that had been offered to him as a man who knew what was what, and was, therefore, particularly needed in a tropical climate; and of a Creole heiress who had wept bitterly at his departure. Such conversational talents as these, we know, will overcome disadvantages of complexion; and young Towers, whose cheeks were of the finest pink, set off by a fringe of dark whisker, was quite eclipsed by the presence of the sallow Mr. Freely. So exceptional a confectioner elevated his business, and might well begin to make disengaged hearts flutter a little.

Fathers and mothers were naturally more slow and cautious in their recognition of the new-comer's merits.

"He's an amusing fellow," said Mr. Prettyman, the highly respectable grocer (Mrs. Prettyman was a Miss Fothergill, and her sister had married a London mercer)—"he's an amusing fellow, and I've no objection to his making one at the Oyster Club; but he's a bit too fond of riding the high horse. He's uncommonly knowing, I'll allow; but how came he to go to the Indies? I should like that answered. It's unnatural in a confectioner. I'm not fond of people that have been beyond seas, if they can't give a good account how they happened to go. When folks go so far off, it's because they've got little credit nearer home—that's my opinion. However, he's got some good rum; but I don't want to be hand and glove with him, for all that."

It was this kind of dim suspicion which beclouded the view of Mr. Freely's qualities in the maturer minds of Grimworth through the early months of his residence there. But when the confectioner ceased to be a novelty, the suspicions also ceased to be novel, and people got tired of hinting at them, especially as they seemed to be refuted by his advancing prosperity and importance. Mr. Freely was becoming a person of influence in the parish; he was found useful as an overseer of the poor, having great firmness in enduring other people's pain, which firmness, he said, was due to his great benevolence; he always did what was good for people in the end. Mr. Chaloner had even selected him as clergyman's church-warden, for he was a very handy man, and much more of Mr. Chaloner's opinion in every thing about church business than the older parishioners. Mr. Freely was a very regular churchman, but at the Oyster Club he was sometimes a little free in his conversation, more than hinting at a life of Sultanic self-indulgence which he had passed in the West Indies, shaking his head now and then and smiling rather bitterly, as men are wont to do when they intimate that they have become a little too wise to be instructed about a world which has long been flat and stale to them.

For some time he was quite general in his attentions to the fair sex, combining the gallantries of a lady's man with a severity of criticism on the person and manners of absent belles, which tended rather to stimulate in the feminine breast the desire to conquer the approval of so fastidious a judge. Nothing short of the very best in the department of female charms and virtues could suffice to kindle the ardor of Mr. Edward Freely, who had become familiar with the most luxuriant and dazzling beauty in the West Indies. It may seem incredible to you that a confectioner should have ideas and conversation so much resembling those to be met with in a higher walk of life, but you must remember that he had not merely travelled, he had also bow-legs and a sallow, small-featured visage, so that nature herself had stamped him for a fastidious connoisseur of the fair sex.

At last, however, it seemed clear that Cupid had found a sharper arrow than usual, and that Mr. Freely's heart was pierced. It was the general talk among the young people at Grimworth. But was it really love, and not rather ambition? Miss Fullilove, the timber merchant's daughter, was quite sure that if *she* were Miss Penny Palfrey, she would be cautious; it was not a good sign when men looked so much above themselves for a wife. For it was no less a person than Miss Penelope Palfrey, second daughter of the Mr. Palfrey who farmed his own land, that had attracted Mr. Freely's peculiar regard, and conquered his fastidiousness; and no wonder, for the Ideal, as exhibited in the finest wax-work, was perhaps never so closely approached by the Real as in the person of the pretty Penelope. Her yellowish flaxen hair did not curl naturally, I admit, but its bright crisp ringlets were such smooth, perfect miniature tubes that you would have longed to pass your little finger through them, and feel their soft elasticity. She wore them in a crop, for in those days, when society was in a healthier state, young ladies wore crops long after they were twenty, and Penelope was not yet nineteen. Like the waxen Ideal, she had round blue eyes, and round nostrils in her little nose, and teeth such as the Ideal would be seen to have, if it ever showed them. Altogether, she was a small, round thing, as neat as a pink and white double daisy, and as guileless; for I hope

you do not think it argues any guile in a pretty damsel of nineteen to think that she should like to have a beau and be "engaged," when her elder sister had already been in that position a year and a half. To be sure, there was young Towers always coming to the house; but Penny felt convinced he only came to see her brother, for he never had any thing to say to her, and never offered her his arm, and was as awkward and silent as possible.

It is not unlikely that Mr. Freely had early been smitten by Penny's charms, as brought under his observation at church, but he had to make his way in society a little before he could come into nearer contact with them; and even after he was well received in Grimworth families, it was a long while before he could converse with Penny otherwise than in an incidental meeting at Mr. Luff's. It was not so easy to get invited to Long Meadows, the residence of the Palfreys, for though Mr. Palfrey had been losing money of late years, not being able quite to recover his feet after the terrible murrain which forced him to borrow, his family were far from considering themselves on the same level even as the old-established trades-people with whom they visited; for the greatest people, even kings and queens, must visit with somebody, and the equals of the great are scarce. They were especially scarce at Grimworth, which, as I have before observed, was a low parish, mentioned with the most scornful brevity in gazetteers. Even the great people there were far behind those of their own standing in other parts of this realm. Mr. Palfrey's farm-yard doors had the paint all worn off them, and the front garden walks had long been merged in a general weediness. Still, his father had been called Squire Palfrey, and had been respected by the last Grimworth generation as a man who could afford to drink too much in his own house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEBTS OF TWO CITIES.

THE London Metropolitan Board of Works has just published the annual statement of its debt and its expenditures. The honesty and the economy that have marked all its affairs must appear somewhat startling to our own civic financiers, to whom these qualities are too often strangers. The whole debt of the London Board of Works is only $63,000,000, its annual expenditure about $5,000,000. Its credit is high, its loans eagerly sought for, its powers and duties various and well-defined. It is composed of citizens elected by the wards or vestries of London, and derives its authority from an act of Parliament. It was formed in 1855, chiefly to build new sewers for the metropolis, the Thames Embankment, open new streets, and provide comfortable houses for the poor. And all this it has done so thoroughly and so prudently that even the rate-payers scarcely complain of the comparatively slight burdens it is forced to lay upon them. It found London in 1855 one of the worst-drained of cities, filled with disease, unclean, pestilential; within twenty years it has made it one of the healthiest and purest of all. The death rate of this immense capital is considerably lower than that of New York, nearly one-third lower than that of Dublin. Its population of 4,000,000 live together with less danger of infectious diseases than the people of many a country village, and nearly every transatlantic city. And this is due chiefly to the sanitary labors of its Board of Works. A magnificent system of drainage has been constructed, reaching to all parts of the metropolis, and the great outlet twenty-five miles down the Thames secures the air of the city from all malarial taint. The immense conduit and works created by the Commissioners rival those of TARQUIN, and no labor of modern times has more added to the general sum of human content and ease.

But this is only a small part of the results of that judicious outlay of $63,000,000 with which the Board of Works has burdened itself. A large sum has been expended in various public improvements: parks have been laid out or renewed, new streets opened, the homes of the people improved, Northumberland Avenue has just been completed, in all parts of the city new thoroughfares are provided for traffic, and, above all, along the Thames an embankment of granite and cut stone has been raised above the main conduit of the sewers that forms one of the finest streets in Europe. Along the broad highway expensive buildings are erected looking upon the river, and the price received for their sites has lessened the cost of this admirable improvement. Another great labor to which a part of the $63,000,000 has been applied is the erection of the public schools of London. Since 1870 a large number of these excellent buildings have been completed or are begun in various districts of the metropolis, and nearly ten millions of the debt incurred by the Board of Works arises from its loans to the school fund. The system is no doubt complicated; the duties of the board are perhaps too varied; even London complains sometimes of its own imperfect, incongruous government, and is alarmed at the growth of its debt; but the admirable results of the labors of the Board of Works are such as to disarm all opposition. Its fine school buildings and an excellent system of teaching have already produced a plain advance in the moral condition of the people; its unrivalled method of drainage has saved life and promoted the public ease; its various and almost innumerable schemes of improvement lend new attractions to every part of the busy city.

The example of London may throw light upon the condition of New York, and a comparison of the debts of the two cities and the way in which they have been incurred will form a startling contrast. Within ten years $90,000,000 have been added to the burdens of our people. Besides this, we have expended yearly $30,000,000. So enormous an outlay, so monstrous a debt, might well astonish and terrify any community. Our debt has grown by a larger ratio and to a greater size than that of London, while our population is only one-fourth that of the English capital, and our rental probably in a still smaller proportion. London is four times larger than New York, and its valuation infinitely greater, yet its people are alarmed at their growing burdens, and complain of an incumbrance that to our civic government must seem only a trifle.

And what have we received for this enormous outlay? It may be safely said, nothing. Our system of drainage is so imperfect and dangerous that New York, which possesses a situation and a climate perhaps the healthiest in the world, shows a death rate unusually high. The mortality is greatest among children, and the summer season, which to them should be only the period of growth and joy, is laden with the omens of death. London has changed all this. We have yet to build our main drainage, and purify the summer air. Instead of fine docks, embankments, warehouses, we have frail wooden piers that scarcely outlast the traffic of a year. The London school-houses are admirable; ours have been so neglected and overlooked that many of them have recently been reported to the Board of Health as centres of disease. The details are shocking, but they are what might have been naturally looked for from the secret hostility of our city government to every form of free education. It is stated by those who have seen them in an unguarded moment that all our public institutions are left in a condition not different from that of the public schools; that our prisons, almshouses, reformatories, and asylums are controlled in a manner unworthy of a civilized people. The recent report of the State Board of Charities confirms the picture. Our citizens have lined our streets with magnificent warehouses; private enterprise has made New York more splendid than London or Paris; our homes are more convenient and complete than those of any other land or age. Our civic government alone has neglected nearly all its duties, and squandered or stolen the money that should have made our city worthy of its fair and healthful seat.

The debt of New York, given in the recent statements, which we must assume, though with some hesitation, to be correct, is about $150,000,000, the Sinking Fund is $31,000,000, so heavily have the people been taxed; the assessment bonds are about $21,000,000, part of which may yet be extracted from the owners of unproductive property; the revenue bonds are paid out of the annual taxes. In all, New York pays yearly $10,000,000 interest on its liabilities, or nearly ten dollars for each one of its citizens, a sum sufficient to conduct the whole government of a city of its size, but which is now nearly or almost altogether wasted and lost forever. Within fifteen years this enormous debt has been contracted; to one class of rulers all our burdens are due: the corruption, the dishonesty, of Democratic politicians have been the scourge of New York; and every honest Democrat—there are no doubt many among us—must look with contempt and shame upon the part he has been forced to play in the plunder of his native or adopted city, and the men he has contributed to place in office.

It is useless, yet sometimes instructive, to review what we have lost. With a reputable, trustworthy government, how fortunate might have been our condition! The $150,000,000 we owe might at least have been expended for the benefit of the people. What admirable docks and piers, what a fine system of drainage, what complete primary school houses, what an excellent method of public instruction, would this great sum have provided! Under rulers of intelligence or honesty New York must long ago have surpassed London in health and beauty, might have been governed with an economy unknown among cities, might have led the way to civic reform. Under a government as prudent as that of the Republican rulers of the State or nation, its debt would have nearly disappeared, its expenditure diminished one-half, its population, wealth, importance, increased in a remarkable ratio. As a Republican city it might have flourished without a debt, and with taxes lower than in most of its sister communities. At least its revenues would have been expended for the benefit of its people. As a Democratic city its debt of $150,000,000, its annual outlay of $30,000,000, represent chiefly the plunder of thievish officials and the lavish bribes and waste of fifteen years. Its plunder has been expended, in the purlieus of Paris or palaces at Vevay, in riotous scenes that recall the worst orgies of European dissipation, by a class of men desperate, ruined, depraved.

The only remedy for our dangerous condition is to take the city out of the hands of its present rulers. As an ultramontane and Democratic city all its disasters have befallen it. Only as a Republican city will it ever learn economy and prudence. It is not too late to save it. There is still a possibility of its complete reform.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE appearance of the second volume of the series of reports of the explorations along the fortieth parallel, under Mr. CLARENCE KING, marks another stage in the progress of this great national work. The present volume is devoted to the descriptive geology of the region occupied by the survey, and was prepared entirely by Messrs. ARNOLD HAGUE and S. F. EMMONS. It is divided into five chapters, each corresponding to a section of the magnificent geological map of the survey, which is also about making its appearance. These relate to the Rocky Mountains, the Green River Basin, the Utah Basin, the Nevada Plateau, and the Nevada Basin, with numerous subdivisions, each prepared by one or the other of the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned. Volumes III., V., and VI. have already appeared. There still remain several to be published, of which Volume I. will probably relate to the physical geography, topography, etc., of the country, Volume IV. to the zoology, and one or more additional volumes for the paleontology. It is understood that the latter will include a monograph by Professor MARSH on the fossil birds of North America, and possibly several groups of other fossil vertebrates.

Messrs. HURD & HOUGHTON have just published the Sixth Part of the second volume of the magnificently illustrated work on the butterflies of North America, by WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, this being in no way inferior in artistic beauty and scientific value to its predecessors. As heretofore, the illustrations are prepared by Miss MARY PEART, of Philadelphia, who is unrivalled as a delineator of butterflies.

The species figured belong to the genera Satyrus and Papilio, and include the remarkable species *Papilio turnus*, to which several pages of text and many illustrations are devoted. Many curious facts are mentioned in regard to the dimorphic character of this species, to which we have already referred, particularly the entire difference of coloration indicated in the broods hatched at different seasons of the year. That this is due largely to the difference of temperature has been shown by Mr. EDWARDS in retarding development by cold or accelerating it by heat, the different varieties being thus producible at will.

Another interesting feature is the fact that there are two colored varieties, one yellow and the other black, and that these have relations to particular sections of the country, just like the similarly colored varieties of the squirrel and the fox.

The establishment of Professor HENRY A. WARD, of Rochester, for the preparation and sale of objects of natural history for museums, is well known as the largest extant, and as being able to furnish either single specimens or entire museums. Professor WARD has agents travelling for the purpose of increasing his stock, one of them, Mr. WILLIAM P. HORNADAY, having been for some time past in the forests belonging to the Rajah of Kulungud, where he has been securing many specimens of gavials, gaur oxen, tigers, etc.

It may not be known to all our readers that the elephants are now carefully protected from destruction in most parts of India, and that a permit is necessary, either from the native rulers or from the agents of the British government, to kill one. Mr. HORNADAY had permission from the Rajah of Kulungud to take a full-grown tusker elephant from his forests, but as none could be found there, application was made to his Grace the Governor of Madras for authority to hunt such an animal in the forests under his jurisdiction. This favor was cordially and gracefully granted, expressly on the ground that it was for the purpose of securing to the United States a satisfactory specimen of the skin and skeleton of the full-grown male Indian elephant.

A patent has recently been taken out in Bohemia for the manufacture of mother-of-pearl glass, which is said to furnish an article of great beauty. For this purpose a quantity of mica in a very finely divided state is introduced into the crucible of melted glass, and stirred round until it is intimately mixed, on the surface of the glass, with an enamel color, and then burned in in a muffle.

We find a notice of the recent death, in Connecticut, of Mr. HENRY D. KEELER, a well-known botanist, formerly a resident at Mayport, in Florida.

The United States is somewhat peculiar in the number of small journals devoted to natural history, and published in different parts of the country, not unfrequently by associations of young men, who find in this way a satisfactory medium for announcing their observations and discoveries. January brings us the latest addition to this series in the *Valley Naturalist*, a four-page monthly, to be published at St. Louis, at the reasonable price of fifty cents per annum. The sample copy contains a number of interesting items.

The people of Holland are about renewing their traditions of early days by equipping a vessel for polar exploration during the coming year. A Dutch arctic committee was formed, and at a meeting held on the 17th of November it was resolved to dispatch a small sailing vessel in May, 1878, to make a summer cruise in the Spitzbergen and Barent seas, so as to be a training school for arctic sailors in preparation for a future enterprise of greater magnitude and difficulty. A new vessel is to be constructed especially for this purpose, to be of eighty-five tons burden, and to be furnished with all the necessary appliances. She is to have eighteen months' provisions and every thing necessary for an arctic cruise, although a summer cruise only is proposed. The expenses will be met by private contribution, but the vessel will be in charge of officers of the Dutch navy.

Our knowledge of the anthropology of the southern portion of South America has recently been greatly increased by the explorations of Don FRANCISCO P. MORENO, who has been engaged for several years past in researches in Patagonia, in the course of which he has not only added greatly to our knowledge of South American geography, but has thrown an entirely new light upon the archæology of both Patagonia and certain portions of the Argentine Republic.

He thinks he has discovered traces of the existence of a race in Patagonia quite distinct from that which now inhabits the country, having dolicho-cephalic skulls as distinguished from the brachycephalic, the former, in his opinion, being the primitive race of America. Some of the crania are so ancient as to be half petrified, and resemble the celebrated Neanderthal cranium.

It is understood that these collections have been presented by Señor MORENO to the people of the Argentine Republic, to form the nucleus of an anthropological and archæological museum at Buenos Ayres, which is to be established with himself as director. The collection made by him embraces over 4000 arrow-heads worked by the ancient Patagonians.

PAESI, an Italian chemist, announces a new method of tanning, which consists in allowing the skins to macerate in a solution of perchloride of iron and marine salt. The bath is continued from four to six months; and as the perchloride is a powerful disinfectant, there are none of the ordinary disagreeable concomitants of the operation when other substances are employed. This, it is claimed, will constitute a perfect substitute for bark in the operation of tanning leather; and if this be the case, its use will tend greatly toward arresting the enormous destruction of forest trees which is now going on in the United States and elsewhere, especially of the hemlock forests, which are so frequently denuded of their bark for tanning purposes, while the wood itself is left to decay.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOLDEN LEAVES.—She was searching over the golden leaves which the frosts of October had detached from the stiffened twigs. Her auburn hair took on the glint of gold as the bright sun streamed down over chimney and roof and tree-top, and the tender lines around her mouth deepened as she whispered, "O golden leaves! your life is typical of—" At that moment her mother came down to the gate, sleeves rolled up, and her big red hands hiding the view of the back yard. "Pawing over them leaves agin, are ye?" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the sentimental maiden. "Well, now, you trot in here, and wash out the rest of them colored clothes, or I'll paw you, I will!" "Yes, mother dear, but those golden—" "Trot, I say! Good bar soap is the goldenest thing in the market, and a wash-board costs more money than all the yaller leaves on the street." And the gentle maiden trotted.

Old John Berry, that used to live up Lake Champlain, liked to tell a big story. One evening, sitting in the village store, he said he once drove a horse seventy-two miles in one day on the ice, when the ice was so thin that the water spurted up through the holes cut through it by the horse's corks. One of the by-standers remarked that seventy-two miles was a pretty good drive for one day. "Yes," said Uncle John, "*but it was a long day in June.*"

One of the young men at Wilton sat down the other day and wrote on the back of a couple of postal cards. Then he turned them over and directed them, but some mischance placed the address on the wrong cards. The result was, the shirt factory in Chicago got a very polite invitation to go carriage-riding, while the young man's girl was made frantic by receiving the following: "Please send me a sample of the stuff your shirts are made of."

Even an epitaph may by some unforeseen accident tell the truth. The old French saying, "To lie like a funeral sermon," is not always applicable. Near Paris a head-stone with this inscription startles the visitor: "Here repose in peace, after forty years of married life, Pierre Bigot and his wife." The suggestiveness of that announcement is alarming.

The minister who tells the truth in the pulpit will be sure to make some people glad and other people mad.

"He waived his adieux," as the country editor remarked of a subscriber who had skipped out overnight, leaving his creditors in the lurch.

In Spain at a dinner party the oldest lady is always seated first. In other words, she is the senior-eater of the occasion.

RINGING THE CHANGES.

At a tavern, one night,
Messers. More, Strange, and Wright
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange.
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
"Yes," says Strange (rather sore),
"I'm sure there's one More,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister, and brother—"
"Oh yes," replied More, "that is Wright."

SHRINKAGE OF THE BRITISH LION.

JOHN BULL. "You don't seem to look as big as formerly."

VII. to Chili as auditor

On their way to Santiago, the capital, the apostolic legate and his auditor made the journey across the continent from Buenos Ayres. From this mission PIUS IX. has earned the distinction of being the only Pope who in the course of his life has visited the New World. On his return from America he was appointed director of the Hospital of St. Michael, in Rome, and in May, 1827, was made Archbishop of Spoleto. From this time he became involved in the politics of Europe. His appointment as Archbishop soon brought him in contact with the revolution of 1830, which not only swept over France, but led to uprisings in Italy. In 1832 he was transferred to the more important see of Imola by GREGORY XVI. JOHN MASTAI FERRETTI was already known as a liberal in politics; his advancement in the Church may possibly have been retarded by that fact. Be this as it may, he was created Cardinal in December, 1840, and became a member of the Congregation on Bishops and Regulars. His character at this period of his life may be thus summed up: he was careless in the use of money, of kindly temper, charitable to the poor, and inclined to the popular side in the conflicts of the Italians with Austrian power. Though not in sympathy with revolution, he favored political reform. The Churchman had not wholly suppressed in him the Italian. In 1846 he was elected, on the death of GREGORY XVI., Pope. The time was critical. Discontent pervaded Europe, but Italy had griefs of her own. The partition of her territory by the conquerors of 1815, and the restoration of absolutism throughout the peninsula, had deepened in the minds of Italians the hatred of foreign rule and arbitrary power. Popular outbreaks against the detested oppressors had occurred in nearly all the states; these had been visited time and again by the swift retributions of Austrian vengeance. The population of the Papal States were in a condition of habitual disquiet. They shared in the longing for a united Italy, and showed ominous signs of readiness for revolution. The sternly repressive policy of GREGORY XVI. had neither quieted nor extinguished the dissatisfaction of his people. On the assembling of the Conclave the cardinals were divided in opinion whether to elect LAMBRUSCHINI, GREGORY's secretary, who was certain to be as repressive as the master he had served, or a moderate liberal. The latter opinion prevailed, and the choice fell upon JOHN MASTAI FERRETTI, who took the name of PIUS IX.

And now was beheld, for the first time in history, the spectacle of a liberal, reforming Pope. Popes there had been who had reformed the this line, he must soon come into conflict with his people on the question of the sources of power. Personally he was popular. He was now fifty-four years of age, and, for a Pope, young. His countenance was fresh and clear, his step quick, his form erect, and in every aspect of it indicative of vigor.

The difficulties of his position were immense. As a liberal and a reformer, PIUS IX. would naturally become the leader of the Italian people in their struggle to obtain a more independent national position. To this end the Austrian must be expelled, and expulsion meant war. PIUS IX. was anti-Austrian in feeling, but being a priest

A RECEPTION BY PIUS IX.

His first measure was a political amnesty which relieved of their penalties exiled and disqualified citizens and all who had been imprisoned for political offenses. Its publication created in Rome a delirium of joy. This was followed by economic reforms in the civil administration, the opening of the gates of the Jews' Quarter at night, and the establishment of a civic guard. The censorship of the press was relaxed, and an advisory council ordered, to be composed of deputies from the provinces of the Papal States. No sooner, however, did the council meet than it called for liberal institutions far beyond the wish or purpose of the Pope to concede. But by this time ministers begged him to declare war, but he persisted in his refusal. The ministry resigned, and the city fell at once into the hands of the revolutionists. From this time on there was nothing but tumult. Count ROSSI undertook to form a new ministry, but was assassinated. Other ministers were forced by the people on the Pope's acceptance; and finding himself unable either to guide the storm or to quell it, PIUS IX. fled from Rome in disguise, and took refuge at Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples.

Thus ended the attempt to unite the papacy with liberal institutions—an end which might have been easily foreseen, but which PIUS IX., a helpless people which can be paralleled only by the worst passages of Asiatic history. French, Spanish, and Austrian armies occupied the papal territory. The bastinado flourished. The prisons were crowded with victims, many of them the worthiest citizens. Hundreds were arrested solely as a matter of precaution, and languished long in confinement without trial. Numbers were executed, others condemned to the galleys for life, still others exiled. Extraordinary taxes, ordered by the Pope's new secretary, ANTONELLI, swallowed up the substance of the people. On the 2d of July, 1857, an address of the inhabitants of the Romagna was delivered to the Pope, in which

thought. We owe it to him that the impossibility of reconciling the papacy with modern society has been made clear beyond question. The lines have been drawn by PIUS IX. with such precision that all the world can see and understand the position of the Church.

Besides extending the episcopate and compacting the hierarchy in America, he defined, in 1854, the dogma of the immaculate conception of MARY the mother of Jesus, giving by this act a great impulse to the cultus of the Virgin in the Church. Four years after, he issued the famous Encyclical "*Quanta Cura*," with the appended Syllabus, in which he denounced the so-called errors of our time. The appearance of this declaration of war against modern society (for such it was) filled the world with amazement. The principles which it denounced lay at the foundation of all Protestant communities, and had been accepted in large measure by the Catholic states of Europe. They embody whatever is most precious in the progress of Christendom during the last three hundred years. The opinions that every man is free to embrace the religion he shall believe to be true, that the Church has not the power of using force, that ecclesiastics are subject to civil law, that the Church should be separated from the state, that any other than the Catholic religion should be the religion of the state, are all denounced as impious. Catholics who had *ex animo* accepted liberal principles found themselves required, under the most solemn sanctions, to resist the liberty of the press, the exercise of any other religion than their own, the separation of Church and state, state education in public schools, the amenability of ecclesiastical persons to civil government, and freedom of conscience and worship. In 1870 PIUS assembled at Rome the first Œcumenical Council of the Church since that of Trent; its chief measure was the declaration of the "infallible magistracy of the Roman pontiff." The infallibility of the popes has been held as an opinion for many centuries; it was now formulated as an article of faith. The publication of the decree of the Council and of the Syllabus of 1864 has most profoundly affected the spirit of the Roman Catholic world. "Within our own time," says Mr. GLADSTONE, of these dogmas and the theories out

* See *Italy in Transition*, by the Rev. WILLIAM ARTHUR, published by HARPER & BROTHERS. The statements of this volume are from official documents, gathered from the archives of the papal legations.

THE LATE POPE.

The death of Pius IX., which occurred on the 7th inst., is an event both ecclesiastically and politically of the greatest importance. It affects not only Italy, of whose aspirations he was in his later years the determined antagonist, not only the continent of Europe, but in some sense it touches the interests of the whole civilized world. The head of a Church whose adherents number two hundred millions, he had arrayed it in opposition to modern society. His recent predecessors were content with protests against modern ideas; Pius IX. waged an aggressive war upon them. If unsuccessful in this warfare, it can at least be said of him that he persisted in it with unflinching courage. His death may, therefore, be the closing of one era in the history of the papacy and the opening of another. The vicissitudes of fortune through which he passed, the change in his political relations to Europe, and the extraordinary age to which he attained must always give interest, not to say a certain fascination, to the story of his life.

John Mary Mastai Ferretti was born in Sinigaglia, an Umbrian seaport town, on the 13th of May, 1792. He was of an ancient family, his parents being distinguished for devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. In his eleventh year he was placed in the college of the Piarist fathers at Volterra, where he made good progress in the study of the classics. His parents intended him for the army, but successive epileptic attacks, which seized him when in his sixteenth year, compelled them to abandon this purpose. He applied for admission to the Royal Guard at Milan, and also to the Guard of the Pope, but in each instance was rejected. In 1809, when seventeen years of age, he received the tonsure, and from that time devoted himself wholly to an ecclesiastical career. Still disabled, while pursuing his theological studies, by the frequent recurrence of epileptic fits, it was doubted if the state of his health would ever justify his ordination to the priesthood. With some misgivings on the part of the authorities at Rome, ordination was permitted, and in March, 1819, he was made deacon, and in April of the same year priest.

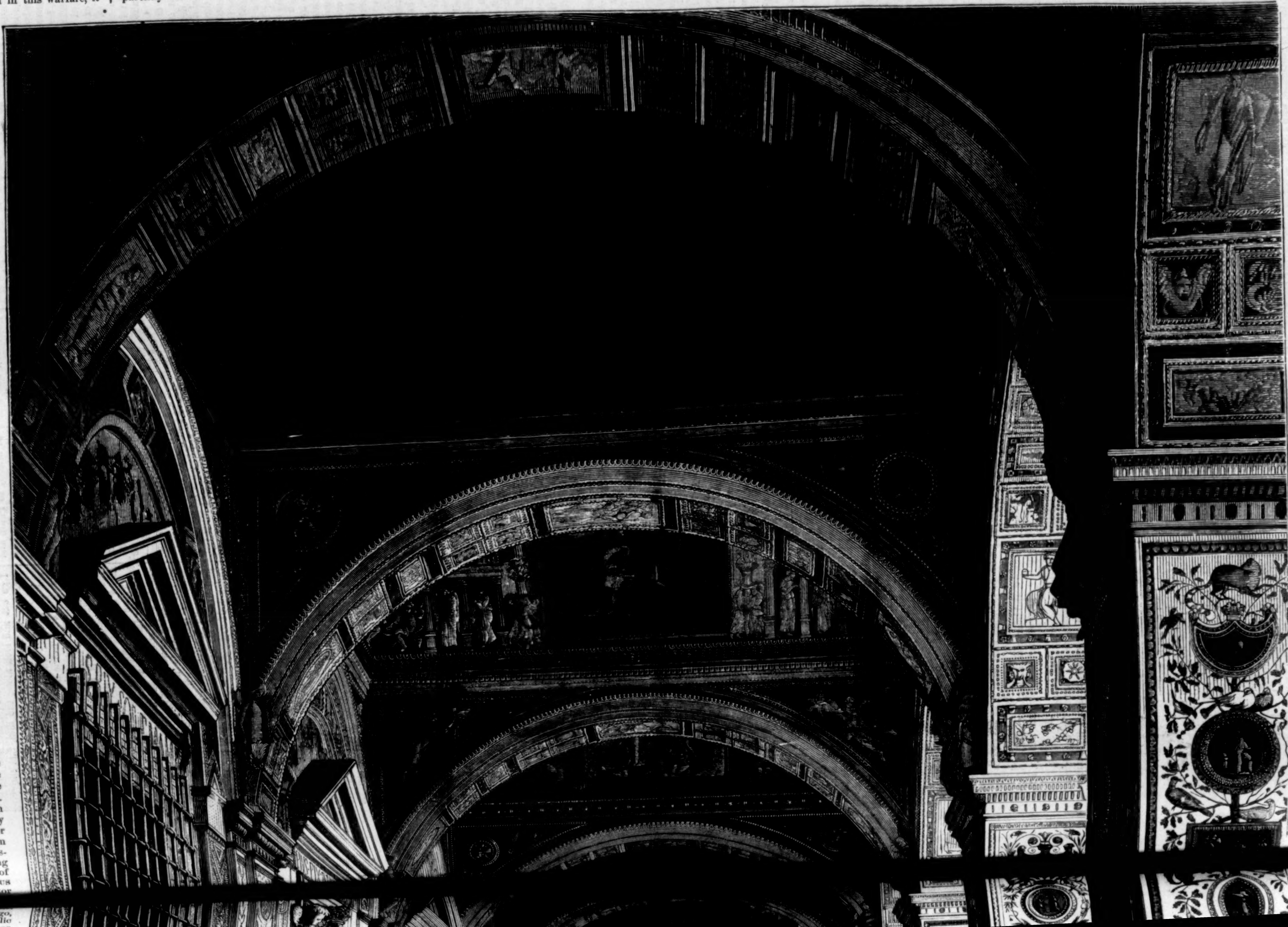
His first official service as an ecclesiastic was the superintendence of the orphan asylum in Rome founded by John Borgi. Here he remained seven years, greatly beloved by his orphan household, for John Mastai had from nature a benevolent disposition. In 1823, being then thirty-one years of age, he was sent by Pius VII. to Chili as auditor

On their way to Santiago, the capital, the apostolic

Church, but here was one eager to reform the state through the means of free political institutions. The kind priest, raised to the pinnacle of ecclesiastical power, did not perceive that the papacy itself was, as a political fact, the greatest abuse in Europe, and that a reforming Pope must inevitably "reform himself off of his throne." There seemed, however, to be no element of distrust in his hopefulness. An absolute sovereign, and at the same time an ecclesiastic, he did not shrink from such extreme measures as a written Constitution and the admission of laymen to the highest places in the government. But all was to be *proprio motu*—of his own free grace; apparently he did not consider that, moving upon and the head of a Church, war was distasteful to him. Moreover, the reforms on which he had set his heart were born of certain modern ideas. These ideas, embodied in political reforms, limit the authority of government by making it directly responsible to the people; the papacy represents the principle of authority, and can only exist by *giving* law to the people. Thus the priest and the prince, in the person of Pius IX., were certain to come into conflict; the prince would inevitably be asked to do what the priest could not grant. "At Rome the prince will save the priest," said Thiers, in the French Chamber of Deputies. The result was just the opposite—the prince overthrew the priest.

he was helpless. The great tide of popular feeling carried him along whithersoever it would. With the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 the demands of the Roman people became more imperious. Nothing less than freedom of the press, an elective parliament with full legislative authority, would now content them. On March 14 of that year he promulgated a Constitution which fell far short of their expectations. As Italy could be free only by the expulsion of the Austrian, war and insurrection against Austria speedily broke out in the northern part of the peninsula. The people of the Roman States were eager to join in the conflict. Pius IX. hesitated. The papal army was now crowded with volunteers. The Pope's benevolent but not worldly-wise, did not foresee. The ideal before his mind was a confederated Italy, with variant local institutions; the ideal of the people was a national Italy, with a constitutional government responsible to the electors. Authority incarnated in the priesthood for once undertook to accept modern ideas, and the result was defeat and flight. In two short years the drama was played out to its catastrophe. No sooner had the Pope reached a place of safety than he issued a protest against the acts of the revolutionists, and called on Catholic Europe for help. Catholic Europe obeyed the call, and in 1850 he returned to Rome.

Then ensued a series of cruelties inflicted upon their sufferings are described in most pathetic terms. Upon the return of the pontiff, they say, "martial law was declared in all our cities, and shooting and beating with the stick, without distinction of age, became the order of the day. Informers for gain and informers from party spirit rose up every where, and every where victims fell. The cudgel became a remedy for all evils. Confessions were wrung by dint of blows equally from the alleged political offender, the assassin, and the thief, and the innocent were sometimes obliged to bear the penalty of the guilty when they had escaped by flight. Anonymous information against a single citizen was sufficient to throw him into the depths of a prison. The witnesses, always threatened with the galleys and with the beastly cudgel, most frequently deposed to things that in their consciences they regarded as calumnies, and for which they wept in secret. It appeared that the object was not to discover criminals, but rather to satiate the thirst of a party for blood. All this in your name, holy father."*



It was all in his name; and the title given him by Antonelli in his missives to the sovereigns of Europe was "the Holiness of our Lord." Never before was such a name used to cover such an infamy. Cruelty was alien from the humane temper of Pius IX., but his legates who were deputed to administer the papal provinces were restrained in their pursuit of vengeance by no considerations of tenderness or pity. Pius IX. gave himself up wholly to the reactionists. On the 12th of September, 1849, he revoked the Constitution which he had granted his people. Left thus without hope, harried by the Pope's civil officers and by the Austrians, the inhabitants of the Papal States were ready for revolt, and waited only for an auspicious time. To their credit be it said, their revolt was peaceful, and in 1860 they transferred the jurisdiction over their country to Sardinia. It was time. "Sir, the Almighty is tired of Rome," said a Bolognese to an Englishman travelling through Italy during the transition. Be this as it may, the government of the papal provinces had become an offense to the human race.

Defeated in the field of politics, the Pope devoted the remaining years of his life to the promotion of the purely spiritual interests of the Roman Catholic Church, to a vain yet energetic protest against the encroachments of the civil power, and to the placing of the body at the head of which he stood in an attitude of more determined opposition to mod-

give law to human thought. We owe it to him that the impossibility of reconciling the papacy with modern society has been made clear be-

of which they arise, "they have most powerfully as well as most injuriously altered the spirit and feeling of the Roman Church at large, and it will be strange indeed if, having done so much in the last half century, they shall effect nothing in the next."

The Church made the opening of the Vatican Council the occasion for one of its magnificent scenic displays. By a singular coincidence this first day (December 8, 1869) was also the day of the unveiling of the statue of Luther, at Worms. In this unexpected incident the issues of three hundred years ago proved themselves to be still living issues for us of the nineteenth century. The weather was unpropitious, for the rain poured down in floods; but, nevertheless, the approaches to St. Peter's were packed with spectators. At early dawn the ringing of multitudinous church bells and the firing of cannon announced the coming of the great event. The heads of the hierarchy were there in force, mitred, and clad some of them in white, and others in vestments of dazzling brilliance. Cardinals, bishops, abbots, generals of religious orders, preceded by the officials of the Roman court, and followed by other officials of lower degree, and last of all Pius IX. himself, borne aloft on his throne, moved in stately procession through the porch of Constantine to the main entrance of Rome's chief church, and thence to the Council Hall. Whatever music, and chant, and solemn service, and the homage paid to the Pope by bishop and priest and the thronging laity, could do to give pomp and splendor to the occasion, was not withheld. Pius IX., though now verging upon eighty years, was lifted up by the inspiration of the event above the infirmities of age; and whether intoning the service, or delivering his allocution, or pronouncing with evident emotion at the end of the long hours the invocation and benediction, filled the broad spaces with the mellow and far-reaching tones of his voice. Could the curtain have been lifted on that day, and the near future descried, what consternation would have filled the minds of all who sat in that august assembly! How fallible they were, even when met to declare the infallibility of their head and chief!

The predetermined purpose of the Council was not accomplished without opposition. Scholars were there who saw in the new dogma an invasion of the liberties of the Church. The German bishops recoiled from it; the French were not unanimous. The protesting minority was, however, rapidly disintegrated, and in July, 1870, the measure on which Pius IX. had set his heart was carried by 533 votes to 2. The Council was suspended, and is yet to be brought to a formal close.

On the 8th of July, the Bull declaring the infallibility of the Pope to be an article of the Catholic faith was given to the public; one week later war was declared by France against Germany. Events affecting the position and life of the Pope now followed with startling rapidity. France soon succumbed to the armies put by Germany into the field; the French army contingent sent to hold Rome was compelled to return; Italy took possession of her designated capital, and Pius IX. retired to the Vatican Palace, there to remain and end his days. In politics the world ever went against him. Whether appearing in the character of a liberal or a reactionist, it was his unvarying lot to incur defeat. With unbroken courage, however, he plunged into conflict with the new power risen in the heart of Europe, and began the *Culturkampf*, whose end is not yet. The antagonism of two such combatants as Pius IX. and Bismarck lends a dramatic interest to European history in our day.

Shut up in the Vatican, a voluntary prisoner, he appealed to the sympathy of the Catholic world, and not in vain. Politically nothing could be done; the states on which the papacy has heretofore relied were powerless to help. Even Catholic sovereigns have been compelled to accept the loss of the temporal power as an accomplished fact. Pius IX. has indeed seen the Catholic world, as a political organism, slip out of his hands. The principles condemned in the Syllabus of 1864 are incorporated in the fundamental laws of Catholic states. The Belgian Constitution of 1832, that of Bavaria, that of Italy, that of France, and the new laws of Austria, are in contravention of the principles of which Pius IX. had made himself the exponent. Even Spain concedes liberty of conscience and a qualified freedom of worship. The condemnation of the Belgian Constitution by Gregory XVI. has been in part repeated in the Encyclical of 1864; the Allocution of 1868 declared the new and more liberal ecclesiastical laws of Austria null and void. The twelfth article of the Spanish Constitution in relation to freedom of worship encountered the remonstrances—futile, indeed, yet earnest—of Cardinal Simeoni. Every where the fabric of papal ideas, built up with such care, melts into thin air and vanishes away. Even the children of the Church refuse to live, as sovereigns and subjects, under such a regimen as their chief pastor prescribes for them.

But though shut up in his palace, and refusing to appear in his own city, Pius IX. never suffered the world to think of him as broken in spirit. From his retreat he poured unceasing anathemas upon the heads of all adjudged by him to be offenders. Excommunication swiftly followed excommunication. Ecclesiastical laws considered to infringe upon the rights of the Church were pronounced null. The imperturbable secular spirit which paid no heed to spiritual censures was met with defiance. And in January, 1877, the climax of the defiance of the modern world was reached in the celebration of the 800th anniversary of the Church's victory at Canossa. If Bismarck has said for Germany, "We shall not again go to Canossa," the Church has replied through Pius IX., "We do go there, and exult in the spirit which humbled an emperor before a pope." Unfortunately for the Canossa of 1877, no emperor, no secular world, was there to undergo humiliation. The Pope and his adherents have seemed to be ever dealing with shadows, while the substance of human life has continually eluded them.

When all the world at the opening of the present year was awaiting the intelligence of the Pope's death, his antagonist in Italy, King Emanuel, suddenly sickened and preceded him to the grave. The victor and the vanquished in the long political struggle which we have rehearsed, interchanged, before death made a final separation, friendly messages, a fact which does equal honor to both. The contrast between King and Pope—the man who had in politics won all, and the man who had in politics lost all—was brought by this event again into full relief. Receiving his crown from a broken-spirited father at a time of disastrous defeat, Victor Emanuel succeeded by his courage, patience, and singleness of purpose in achieving results which will take their place among the most brilliant in the history of our century. He made his way continually through a perplexing labyrinth, yet never seemed to be without the right clew. Allied by turns with France and Prussia, he was able even out of defeat to pluck success; for the forces of Italy were, in the war with Austria in 1866, worsted both on land and sea. The victory of Sadowa, which he did not win, gave him Venice. No less did the fall of Napoleon III., at Sedan, make secure his possession of Rome. He had the skill to use Garibaldi, and yet to repress the ill-judged measures of the Garibaldians; to content the republicans of Italy, and yet to deny them the realization of their dream. The world saw with wonder a ruler who was by temperament impetuous to rashness waiting with unwearied patience till time should ripen results. Victor Emanuel may or may not have been a brilliant man, but he knew how to keep faith. He kept faith with his people, and won and held their love by that tie. It will be noted that in his reign the spiritual and the secular powers exchanged their characteristic traits; Rome, the ever-patient, was fretful, inconstant, and wayward as the wind, while the King and his ministers, holding themselves under severe restraint, never swerved to the right hand or the left till victory was assured. In the person of the King, plain, secular veracity achieved triumph upon triumph over astute ecclesiastical policy.

Among Protestants the feeling cherished for Pius IX. has had in it an element of sympathy. Wrong-headed as he was, representing as he did a worn-out political system and doctrinal ideas which even his own people did not fully accept, he was nevertheless charitably remembered for the good he once meant to do. Somehow it was believed that under all the bitterness of his speech there beat a kindly heart. The circumstances of his later life contributed much to make him an imposing figure in our contemporaneous history. Alone of all popes he exceeded the reputed years of the primacy of St. Peter. A hale and vigorous septuagenarian, with a fine presence, a rich and melodious voice, a facile utterance which rose at times to eloquence, and a benignant countenance, he appeared well before the throngs of the representatives of all faiths who crowded to his receptions. Not till he had passed his eightieth year did age begin to tell upon him. He lived to celebrate the completed half century of his consecration to the episcopate, and to receive in connection therewith the homage of his spiritual subjects throughout the world. To die after that was almost a felicity. Had he himself chosen, he could not have selected a more auspicious moment for closing his long and eventful career.

George R. Crooks.

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A Shadow on the Threshold.

By MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Nora's Love-Test," "Under the Will," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Charlotte and Lottie have both gone to bed when I leave father's room, but I don't follow them, because I think this such a good opportunity for doing a little of Lottie's crochet. I put out the gas in the parlor, light a candle for my work, and sit there at the table until my candle has burned to its socket. I must have worked quite three hours, for it is one o'clock now.

Ever since Mr. Carden came to us I have noticed that he has had no gas burning after ten o'clock on any night at all, so it surprises me greatly to-night when, as I go up stairs, I see his sitting-room door wide open, and a blaze of gas-light issuing from it. It strikes me in a moment that Mr. Carden has gone to bed and forgotten the lights. What a pity!

I rap upon the open door, just as a form, and of course am not surprised when no answer comes. Then I pass on into the room to turn off the gas. Just within the door I pause in a blank bewilderment, which changes slowly to real pain and fear. The room is not empty, yet our young lodger is not here. In his easy-chair another gentleman lies asleep—a slight, thin, elderly gentleman, with a colorless unbearded face, and scanty gray hair entirely gone from the temples. He is dressed in a tight blue coat, with a good many rather large gilt buttons, tight black trousers, and a high velvet waistcoat.

Presently, while something in the sleeping face puzzles me most unaccountably, I recognize the things that lie upon another chair close beside him (even in the fuller light of the gas)—the loose gray suit, without which I have never seen Mr. Carden before, the gray felt hat, a thickly curling brown head of hair strangely familiar to me, an open rouge box, and the umbrella with the bull's head on the handle.

I turn my eyes again (they are literally aching in their wide bewilderment) upon the sleeping face. Yes, with the red cheeks, with the broad smile, the curling hair all over the bare forehead and temples, this would be the face of our young lodger. And yet—is it not the face of that old gentleman who talked so bitterly to Philip and me in the museum at Bethnal Green? Yet how different the dress is!

What does it mean?

It seems to me as if I must have stood for hours rooted to that spot, with my fixed wondering stare upon the unfamiliar face, before I turn away in my perplexity, closing the door noiselessly behind me before I go on to my own room.

I have spent wakeful nights before—many, in spite of my youth and health and good appetite—but never one like this, when the house seems to me full of mystery and cunning and deceit—my dear old home!—and when it seems so impossible to me to see what I ought to do.

How it will grieve and disappoint poor father to hear that our lodger is not what he seems to be! Yet father ought to know. Yes, I must tell him; but—ah! no, it need not be quite yet.

What can be Mr. Carden's reason for having recourse to this disguise? I can never again wonder why he has not met with an engagement, for must there not be some unexplainable chasm in his past?

Yet I have seen no hypocrisy or cunning on that sleeping face, as I have seen none all these weeks in the young man's blue eyes and ready smile. Just as I can not even see them next morning, when Mr. Carden passes through the shop just as usual, with his bow and smile for me. No, though I look searchingly at him, and though now my ears are so quick to note an effort in his lisping tones, that I wonder how I ever thought it the natural voice of a young man.

Again and again this day Lottie questions me about my absent manner, and in the evening I catch father glancing now and then anxiously across at me; but it is so pleasant to have him with us to-night as usual, that I can not tell him of my discovery—yet. Then Philip comes in, and tries to cheer us all—poor Philip! So could I be the one to throw a chill among them?

Next morning, while I sit behind the counter sewing as swiftly as I can at an immense housewife I am making for Philip, a man comes hurriedly into the shop, as if time were excessively valuable to him, and lays down upon the counter before me one of a heap of little printed handbills, which he seems to be distributing very industriously. I nod in recognition of the act, and watch him bustle out of the shop and on up the street; then, without dropping my work, I read the bill from where I sit.

Two minutes afterward I have it tightly hidden in my hand, and am running to my own room, leaving the shop to chance. I lock my door, spread the paper on the bed, and kneel down, and read it again and again—twenty times at least. I read it until not only do I know the words by heart, and not only do they seem to be repeating themselves to me in the silence, but they even shine before my eyes in the clear daylight, while I try miserably and fruitlessly to disentangle my hurrying, changing thoughts.

Yet at last, when Lottie summons me to open my door and go back to my daily tasks, there are still (reaching my heart more clearly than her words do) those words upon the printed handbill which I have locked so carefully away:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!

"Missing, and supposed to be hiding for private purposes in London, a gentleman of fifty years of age; height, about five feet five inches; thin, with a stoop in the shoulders; blue eyes and very pale complexion; has a lisp, and speaks in an uncertain, rapid tone of voice. When last seen he wore a dark blue dress-coat with bright buttons, and high black velvet waistcoat. Had with him a small hair trunk, and an umbrella with a bull's head carved on the handle. Whoever shall send to Messrs. Lloyd, of Staple's Inn, such information as shall lead to his capture, shall receive the above reward."

CHAPTER X.

Oh, if I could only see clearly even to-day what I ought to do, what would be wise and right to do, and, above all, what would be kind and pitiful! If the paper had but chanced to fall into my hands before that night I went into the sitting-room and saw our lodger asleep without his disguise, then I should never have connected the two, and should have destroyed and forgotten the paper.

All through this day I go about as if in a dream. Every one of my daily tasks is done as we do things in a dream. I have decided now that it will be right to tell father, but that I need tell *only* father. So, as the evening comes, I listen anxiously for his step. No wonder Aunt Charlotte scolds me for being restless and unsettled. No wonder Lottie's gaze follows me curiously. No wonder even the little boys ask me again and again what is the matter. No wonder; for every minute, as I listen for father's step, I am praying in my heart that he shall come before Mr. Carden. I grow to think he will never come, and every effort of mine to be at ease is but a sorry failure. I take the children to bed, and talk to them as usual, but they do not beg me to stay with them to-night as they always do. Every shop in the street (except our own) is closed when I come down, and the street lamps alone give but a feeble light; yet the time goes on, and father does not come. I walk restlessly backward and forward between the street door and the parlor fireside, where Aunt Charlotte sits fretting, until at last she grows so tired of complaining that she lets me take her to bed.

When, in coming down stairs again, I pass the empty rooms on the first floor, a strange fear holds me, as fear never held me before, and I can scarcely bear to give Lottie the order Aunt Charlotte sent, that she was at once to follow her to bed.

When Lottie has gone the house feels empty and desolate as it never felt before; yet I have often and often sat up for hours after every one was gone to bed.

I make a bargain with a boy who passes, to put up the shutters for me for twopence; but I keep the door open and stand just within it, waiting there; for I can bear the loneliness and silence of the house no longer, and now and then I go out and look along the dim, fast-emptying street.

At last I see father coming slowly toward me, not as he ever came before, but walking unsteadily, close to the houses.

Without a moment's hesitation I run to meet him, and give him my arm, feeling so much stronger than he is, as well as so inexpressibly thankful that he is with me at last, his dear icy hand so tightly held in mine.

As we enter the lighted shop he looks up and scans my face with a dumb, wistful questioning; but as I do not understand it, I can only smile, as if nothing could possibly be better than it is, and tell him again how glad I am that he has come at last. But when we have reached the parlor, and I have stirred the fire into a blaze, and drawn his chair up to it, he asks me, in a quick half-whisper, if any one is in the house—besides ourselves.

I know he doesn't mean besides himself and me; I somehow know quite well *what* he means. How can I help it, when his dim eyes rest upon mine in such fear? I am standing by him with a cup of coffee, when I can presently ask the question, just as if I had not known:

"Whom do you expect, father?"

He looks up into my face as if he were going to answer, then suddenly his tired head falls into his hands, and he begins to sob. How terrible this is to me he shall never know.

I set the cup down quietly, and with my arms around him, I kiss him again and again; but I can say nothing—I can do nothing. He is worn, and feeble, and despondent, and now a great humiliation is on its way to us and him; but I can give him neither strength, nor rest, nor help.

One hundred pounds reward!

The words start up before my eyes, and my thoughts hold them, half dazzled and frightened. One hundred pounds will make father a strong and hopeful man again. One hundred pounds will make us free from care, as we used to be. One hundred pounds will take away this hair-suspended sword above us. One hundred pounds will give Philip the life he longs for, and keep him with us. Ah! one hundred pounds will save us all!

"Jeanie, things have reached a crisis now, and every thing we have must go."

I hear father's low and heavy words distinctly, yet other words are still before my eyes, and echoing in my ears.

"Father"—I am on my knees before him, and my eyes eagerly and longingly are reading his—"father, one hundred pounds would save us all?"

He answers only with the faintest, dreamiest smile, because he thinks I am touching wild impossibilities.

"Would it, father? Would one hundred pounds save us all?"

"Half of it, Jeanie. Even one-quarter of it would take us over Christmas. But, Jeanie dear, if it were one thousand, it could be no further beyond our reach."

"Oh, father! we could have the money if—if you say that—"

I can not finish the sentence. I dare not say a word to influence him. I dare only tell him simply what has happened, and leave it all to him.

Then, with a strange catching in my breath, I wait for his answer. It comes at last, just in his usual patient tones, though his cheeks have flushed so feverishly while I was speaking.

"Jeanie, there was no word in the bill of crime or fraud?"

"No, father."

"I could not suspect it; could you, Jeanie?"

"No, father."

"Then we need not betray him. Our house is his home now, and—we could not take this money, could we, Jeanie? He is poor, like ourselves. Life is a struggle for him, as it is for us. Dear, can we spend these toilsome, disappointing days without knowing what such days are like to others? Can we know what it is to be weary, and hungry, and heart-sick, and not give shelter (if we can) to one who may be weary, and hungry, and heart-sick too?"

"But the one hundred pounds?"

I say it slowly, as if I longed for the money; yet there is a great lightening of my heart to hear my father's answer:

"Jeanie, your decision is my own, I know. We will not save ourselves at the expense of others. Presently, perhaps, it will be all less hard for us. Soon work must come to me, I think, because I try so hard. And I can work, dear, though I am old—and a little failing now."

"Old?" I whisper, with his hands tight in mine, and my eyes filled with tears. "Why, father, a year's prosperity would make you strong again. It is only denial, and fatigue, and disheartenment. Oh, father!"—as, like a stab, I feel that greater suffering and privation are in store for him than he has ever yet known—"oh, father! take the hundred pounds."

"My child," he answers, softly drawing my head down upon his breast, that I may not look any more into his face, "would that be having compassion one of another?"

The key is put into the front-door at that minute, and then a slow step comes along the passage. Every sound seems so strangely loud and distinct to me to-night, that this step sounds like a disturbance of all the quiet of the house. I rise hurriedly to my feet, because instead of going straight up stairs as usual, Mr. Carden has come into the parlor, without even pausing at the door.

"I look in to apologize for being so late," he

says, glancing quite inquisitively from father to me, but with his usual broad smile. "I was detained in Chelsea, and then I made a stupid mistake in the train. I positively believe I have been two hours coming home."

"Jeanie," father says, and I quite well understand why, after having just heard my story, it is easier for him to address me than our lodger, "he must be very tired and cold. Persuade him to try a little of your nice warm coffee, dear."

"Not to-night," he says. Of course I am relieved, because I have made only just what father himself ought to drink; but I certainly think his reply a little curter than it need be. "I will try it another time. Good-night."

And he goes away, without closing the door, while father glances involuntarily and deprecatingly at me. Then he tries, poor father! in a sudden uncertain manner, to talk of old times—the old, old times before his marriage, where Mr. Carden's name could have no possible place.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER does not attempt to leave home next morning, but he only walks restlessly and nervously about the rooms, and seems ever to be listening for some expected voice or step. Aunt Charlotte reproaches him a good deal, but he scarcely seems to hear what she says. At last, late in the afternoon, his restlessness almost suddenly leaves him, and he sits down close to the parlor fire, stooping very much, and gazing wearily into it, but, as I can plainly see, still listening for the expected sound. Lottie runs for the kettle, and I lay the table for tea: an early tea will do us all good, and rouse father from this dreary watching.

But before the tea is ready, and while the gas in the shop is still unlighted, I see Philip enter and walk quietly to the counter, almost as if he were a customer. Somehow, without understanding why, my heart sinks as I go softly up to him and take both his hands in mine.

"I am going, Jeanie," he says, drawing one hand away, and throwing down upon the counter the half of a railway ticket which he had been holding. "I have had that given me to-day. It is the return half of a Liverpool ticket, and I can not afford to waste it. I *need* not have gone till to-morrow. I might have had another evening with you; but this must decide me. A Liverpool man I used to know has come to London on business and been detained here, so he gave me—that ticket, and I—must go."

I can feel how all the life and color have left my face, and I wish the shop were darker still, that Philip might not see; but yet I don't think that any thing could make his eyes look sadder than they do.

"The parting has come in earnest now," he says, putting his hand up to his throat, as if it hurts him when he speaks. "Jeanie, for Heaven's sake, let it be soon over!"

And yet he holds me, ah! so tightly now, and his eyes seem as if they could not leave my face again. What a terrible thing it is, this double sorrow! The sorrow for ourselves just now is swallowed up in the misery of each other's sorrow.

"Oh, my love," he says, with one strong, tearless sob, "I never thought that this farewell would be so hard! I thought I had prepared myself for it. I thought that the long fear of our parting was as bad as the real parting could be. And now— Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie, when I shall look in vain for your dear face—"

"I shall never seem to look in vain for yours, Philip," I whisper, trying—oh! so hard—to win a little courage now; "for I shall see you every where. I shall hear the voice I love in every silence. I—I can never feel very far away from you, Philip."

"That thought," says Philip, rather huskily, "shall give me strength. My perfect happiness is to be near you, Jeanie. Oh, in your heart, will you keep me near you always—always?"

I could keep him near me, not in my heart only! I could give him the work he loved, the home which he and I had so happily anticipated. I could make this exile unnecessary. I could lay my fingers on his lips as this miserable good-by faltered past them, and could bring the old happiness into his face again, the old content into his heart. I could do all this, if—

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!

Oh, if the words would but cease their ringing in my ears! If I could but for one moment shut them from my dazed and aching eyes!

"Jeanie," Philip cries, breaking this pained silence of mine, "speak to me. I see your great pity for me, but the farewell must come; and no words—no words of yours, my dearest—can be so hard to bear as my own thoughts."

And now a little courage comes to me. I look up into my dear's sad pale face, and I tell him—not so brokenly as I feared I should speak—that I know all will be well—presently; that we have no need to fear separation, because we shall be so true to each other; that our hearts will always seem to be one, though half the world may lie between us—for a time; and that when we meet again these hard days will be over.

"Hard days!" Philip echoes, very cheerlessly. "*They* have all to come. Could I have thought any days hard while you were near me, Jeanie? while I could take your helpful little hand in mine, or— Oh, my darling!" he breaks off, taking my head upon his breast, and bending his above it, "all the hard bitter days are yet to come; for after this I shall not have your smile to comfort me, your kiss to make me strong. My love, my love, how can fate be so cruel?"

I draw back, a little shyly, from his embrace. This is not like my brave, true-hearted lover; and I too am changing. What right have I to tremble and complain, when I am so blessed in Philip's love, and when he has health and strength, and leaves me only for a little time?

"Jeanie," Philip says, seeming to read something new in my face, "forgive me. You are right. It will all be well at last. What ought I to fear, my dearest, while you are true to me? How brave the little pale face is! Turn your eyes away, my dear one. I can not bear their trusting steadfastness. And yet—it gives me courage too to meet them. It was terrible when I told you first, and they grew wide and sad with fear. Oh, Jeanie, if we could have but gone together, or—I tried so hard to win work here! I wonder could any man have tried more earnestly and industriously. Yet it all failed. I seem so helpless in the great world. Yet there should be room for us all."

"Philip," I whisper, stroking his lined and troubled face, and not so much afraid of trusting myself to utter some one else's words as those which come from my own faint heart, "do you remember once showing me these words? I remember them so well:

"'What I do now, thou canst not understand;
Trust Me, 'tis best and right:
Hereafter to thy sight
All shall unveil itself as wisely planned.'"

There is a little silence; then Philip once more folds me in his arms, but with such a different strength now—the strength of courage, not despair; of steadfastness, not passion.

"I remember," he says, quite firmly, though in rather a pausing way; "and I *will* remember. Jeanie, I will not come back to you such a coward as I leave you to-day. A man in a great measure shapes his own life, doesn't he? And mine shall be—my dear one, what can it not be if—as you yourself have said—we live in what loves us?"

Then, in a low, rather shaken voice, Philip tells me of the journey he will take to-night; of his preparations; of how I must bid good-by to the others for him, because he dare not go in among them, and again find himself in the dear old room where he has been so happy; of how he will write; and—

Ah, I can not hear it all; for I am struggling weakly to believe that this is a dream, and that presently I shall awake—to see Philip near me still, with that glad, tender smile with which he always greets me, and to hear him laugh and tell me that the happy thought of these last days was true, and he is not going.

Then—then I know indeed I am not dreaming. Philip's last long kiss is not like a dream. My own hand-clasp has an agony sleep never knew. Our words break off in a pain too keen for utterance. I can not bear another glance into Philip's face. I cover my eyes, and stand quite still, only my heart trembling. When I look up, he will not be there. He speaks to me once more, and then he sees that I dare not lift my eyes till he has gone. Once more tenderly and closely he holds me in his arms, kissing the hands that cover my poor face. Then I hear a step, quite unlike Philip's, cross the shop, and I know I am alone. *Can* he be gone? Must I uncover my eyes, and see my world so empty?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROYAL FUNERALS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

IT is a mere matter of course that the first king of modern Italy should be buried with every imaginable pomp, and in the capital of his country. It is said that Victor Emanuel himself, as well as many of his family, would have perferred that his bones should rest somewhere among the well-known hills of Piedmont. But the Italians had a sort of right to insist upon a more public funeral; and the Italians only resemble all other young nations in attaching great importance to this question of funerals. Far away in the remote and almost prehistoric ages we find the kings and great men of the earth more solicitous about the place where they should be buried after death than about their habitations while alive. It is not recorded of Abraham that he ever bought either house or land from any man either for himself or his posterity to inhabit. But when Sarah his wife died in Hebron, the patriarch "stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land, and communed with them," that they should persuade their countrymen to sell him the cave of Machpelah, which was "in the end of his field." The people answered that the stranger was a mighty prince among them: "in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre." Their offers, however, were not accepted, and the "prince" insisted upon paying four hundred shekels of silver for the cave and the field, which "were made sure unto him for a possession of a burying-place" accordingly. It was to this tomb that the remains of Jacob were taken with immense pomp and ceremony all the way from the land of Egypt. With the same anxiety shown by his fathers, the patriarch had charged his son not to bury him in the foreign country, but to take him to the cave of Hebron. The leave of Pharaoh was therefore asked and granted, "and Joseph went up to bury his father; and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt." All the house of Joseph also went on this pious expedition; "and there went up with him both chariots and horsemen, and it was a very great company." The body had previously been embalmed by the skillful royal physicians, and after this process, which then took forty days, had been accomplished, the Egyptians all mourned threescore and ten days for the father of their savior. As for Joseph himself, the very last words recorded of him are his imposition of an oath upon all the children of Israel that they should carry his bones from Egypt into the land of Canaan.

The sovereigns of Egypt, as they are the earliest of whom we have authentic record, were also the most scrupulous and extravagant in the choice of their sepulchres. The enormous masses of the Pyramids were built up as a preparation for the day of funeral; and although we know not yet what were the actual ceremonies accompanying their interment, it is fair to suppose that they were not unworthy of the place and the occasion. It took 50,000 men as much as twenty years at least to rear the Pyramid of Cheops; and we may assume that a people who had thus been compelled to labor at the mere material works would be made to exhibit some extraordinary spectacle of grief and mourning when the despot was at last laid within his great mausoleum.

Neither the Greek tyrants nor the Roman kings were buried with any great ceremony beyond the burning of their ashes and the carrying of their busts in solemn procession. Yet the same solidity in which the Roman masons delighted distinguished the royal sepulchres; and as late as in the reign of Augustus these monuments still stood on the banks of the Tiber, exposed to the destructive floods in which the wayward river often indulged.

With the very commencement of modern history the rage for gorgeous funerals revives. Nothing could be more picturesque than that of Attila, "the Scourge of God," when he perished suddenly in the prime of life in his wooden palace on the Danube. "His body was solemnly exposed in the midst of the plain under a silken pavilion; and the chosen squadron of the Huns, wheeling round in measured evolutions, chanted a funeral song to the memory of the hero." According to their national custom the barbarians cut off a part of their hair, and gashed their faces with unseemly wounds. The remains of Attila were inclosed within three coffins, of gold, of silver, and of iron, and privately buried in the night; the spoils of nations were thrown into the grave; the captives who had opened the ground were inhumanly massacred; and the same Huns who had indulged such excessive grief feasted with dissolute and intemperate mirth about the recent sepulchre of their king. Thus Achilles was not the only chief who steeped the grave of his princely friend in blood. Goths, Vandals, and Franks all propitiated the deity of Death by the slaughter of enemies over the tomb; and one of the most vivid pictures in "Hypatia" is that in which the royal Amal's death is followed by a promiscuous massacre of Egyptians by his Gothic companions in arms.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday, 24.—Sexagesima Sunday; St. Matthias.

MARCH.

Sunday, 3.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Wednesday, 6.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday, 10.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 17.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 24.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Monday, 25.—Annunciation B.V.M.
Sunday, 31.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

A BEAUTIFUL volume is the *Moravian Year-Book*, issued from the same Fetter Lane in London where JOHN WESLEY used to meet with the "Brethren" when he was a young man. The Church is administered by thirteen bishops; the supreme board of direction is, however, the Unity Elders' Conference, to which several of the bishops belong. Among the peculiar enterprises which the "Brethren" carry on is the "Diaspora," or home mission, which is under the charge of the German section of the Moravian body. This dates from 1729, and has for its object the fostering of spiritual life in established churches. Societies are formed, the members of which remain members of their churches. The statistics of Moravianism to the end of 1877 show 98,333 members, 11,087 Sunday-school scholars, and over 5000 pupils in boarding and day schools.

Altogether 185,183 persons are under Moravian instruction throughout the world. One of the most interesting of the missions of the "Brethren" is that to the lepers of South Africa, which has been in operation fifty-nine years. A solitary spot for a lepers' home was selected by the British colonial government in 1818, and buildings were erected; in 1846 the lepers were removed to Robben Island, a narrow strip of sand encompassed by rocks and sea. Hither the missionaries followed their suffering flock, and have never intermitted their devoted care. The population of Robben Island has at times risen to 300. The scenes witnessed at a Sunday morning service there can hardly be paralleled elsewhere in the world. "Here," says a Moravian missionary, "you see a young lazar sitting on the ground, and thrusting himself forward with difficulty; there another, who has lost hands and part of his feet, creeping on his knees and the stumps of his hands; farther on you see a patient wholly deprived of hands and feet, seated on a wheelbarrow, and thus conveyed to the house of prayer by a stronger brother in affliction, whose head and face are swollen till they look like a lion's." It is by patient devotion for long years to such wrecks of humanity as these that the Moravian Church, though small in numbers, has won for itself an honored name.

The lectures of the Rev. Dr. GEORGE A. BOARDMAN in Philadelphia on the creative week in Genesis are said to be of a very high order. They are delivered at noon each Tuesday in the Association Hall, which has 1350 seats. All the seats are filled. The correspondent of the Boston *Watchman* says of Dr. BOARDMAN: "The solid qualities which make the frame-work of the lectures, the thought, the learning, are rendered all the more attractive by a fascinating rhetoric and by a perfect enunciation. The success which crowns the efforts of Dr. BOARDMAN is welcome to the friends of evangelical truth, and is none the less gratifying to his personal friends because he is himself so generous in his estimate of his brethren. He seems to be one from whose constitution nature has omitted the gall."

Near the close of last year Father ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI celebrated in Rome the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the pulpit. On the anniversary day he delivered a commemorative discourse to a large audience in the chapel of the Free Italian Church. Father GAVAZZI, though at first a political reformer, has been in recent years more distinctively an earnest preacher of the Protestant faith.

According to *Sadlier's Almanac*, the statistics of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States are as follows: Archbishops, 11; bishops, 54; priests, 5548; churches, 5634; chapels and stations, 11,777; theological seminaries, 21; ecclesiastical students, 1121; colleges, 74; academies and select schools, 519; parish schools, 2130; asylums, 248; hospitals, 102. There are no exact statistics of the Catholic population of the United States; it is usually estimated at 6,000,000.

Opposition to the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland is developing. The Orangemen have addressed a protest to Lord BEACONSFIELD. The Convener of the Glasgow Presbytery of the Established Church has informed the Pope that "an interdict will be demanded against the proposed hierarchy from the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, and that the laws of the country will be rigidly enforced against it." Similar objection was made to the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England over twenty-five years ago, but nothing came of it. For a time there was much threatening, and Archbishop WISEMAN was made uncomfortable, but the English Catholic episcopate is now well established. Perhaps the Scotch resistance may be more determined, and Scotland may have an advantage in the terms of its union with England.

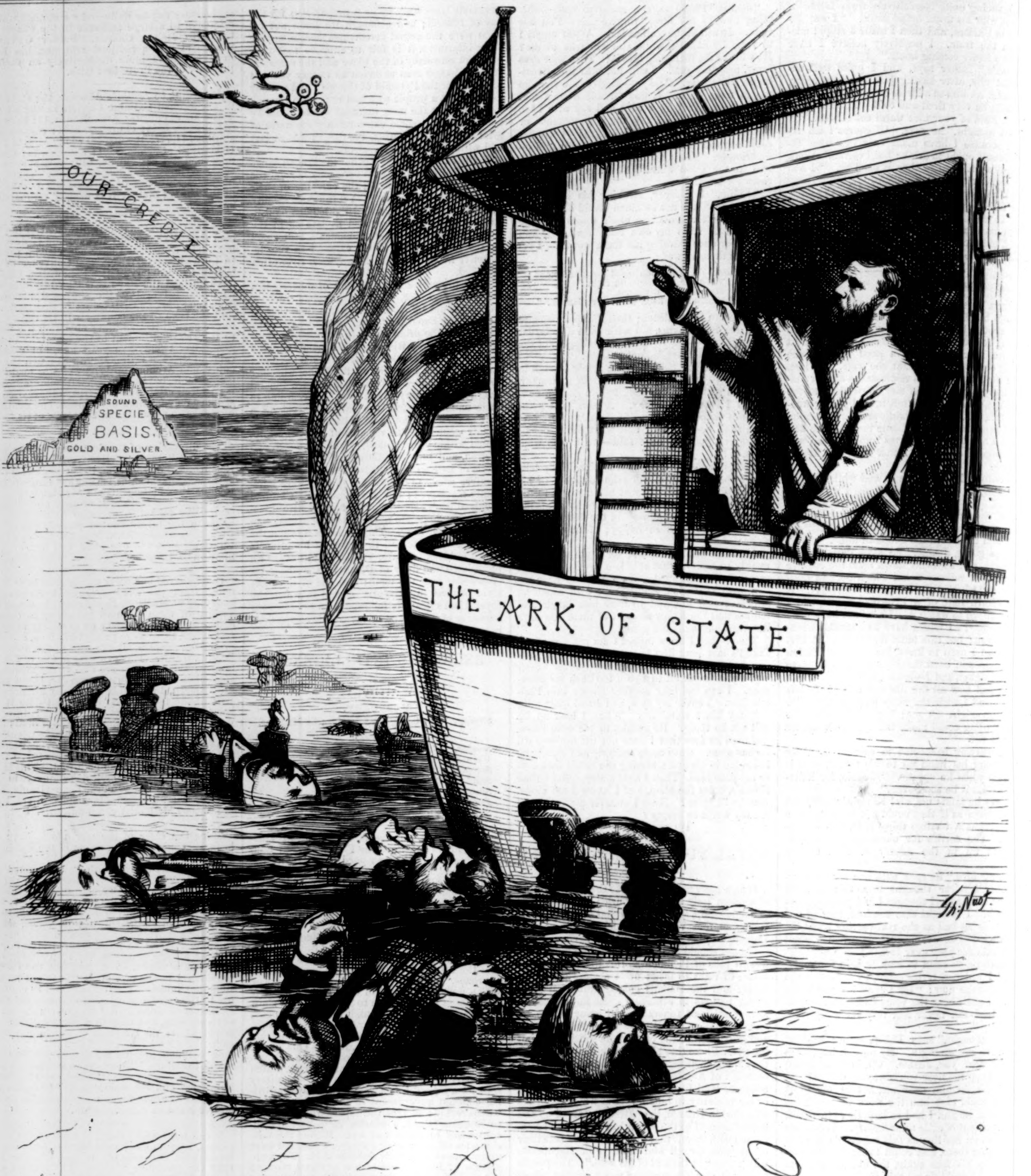
The discussion of the doctrine of future punishment still goes on actively. All the ministerial meetings representing the orthodox Churches have re-affirmed, as far as they have spoken, the doctrinal statements of their standards. On January 21 the Methodist ministers of Chicago said, "We take this occasion to re-affirm our belief in the future endless punishment of the wicked, as distinguished from the theory of restorationists on the one hand, and that of annihilation on the other."

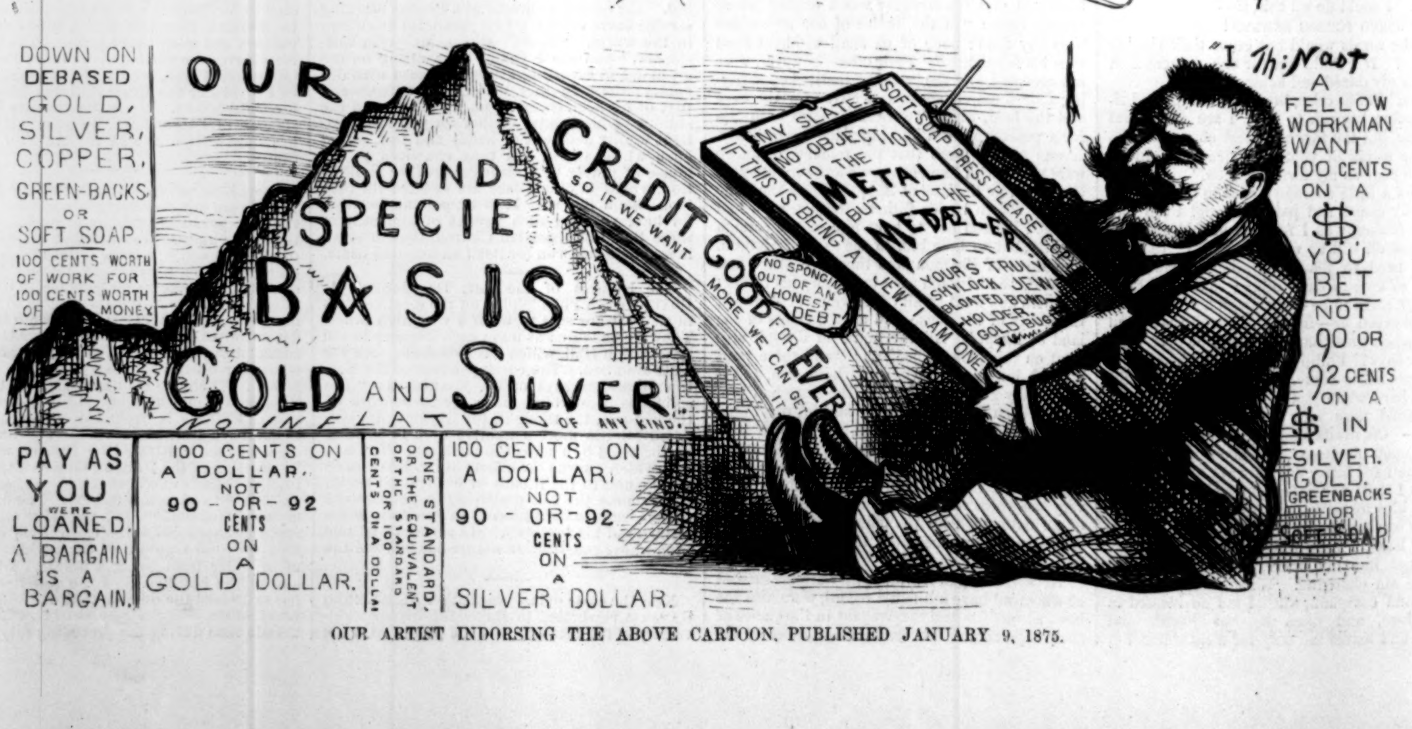
One hundred and forty young men have graduated from the Drew Methodist Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, in ten years. Twelve of them are now preaching in foreign countries. The seminary owns ninety acres of real estate, three large public buildings, and four professors' houses, all the gift of the founder, DANIEL DREW. This property is free of incumbrance; the buildings are also of the most substantial character. In addition Mr. DREW paid, until March, 1876, $17,500 annually for the support of the institution; since that date it has been, in consequence of his business failure, deprived of all aid from him. The sum of $170,000 has since 1876 been subscribed by the friends of the seminary as an endowment, leaving $130,000 yet to be secured. With the sums given three professorships have been endowed. This is the only Methodist theological seminary in the Middle States—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland—where there are 400,000 Methodist communicants.

Since the close of the war efforts have not been wanting to effect a union of the Episcopal Methodist Churches in the United States. The Churches North and South have resumed fraternal relations, and the Northern has a permanent committee on unity with other Methodist Churches. A proposition has been made to create a legislative and administrative body, to be known as an Œcumenical Conference, which shall have jurisdiction of certain subjects of common interest to all Episcopal Methodists, such as foreign missions, the hymn-book, etc. The plan is crude, no doubt; but the *Central Christian Advocate* says of it: "It is not impossible that something may be devised to contribute to the end for which this Œcumenical Conference is proposed. But its powers should be advisory only, and only in a narrow circle. It might adjust the relations of our foreign missions, sanction a hymn-book and ritual for common use, and provide for a common Sunday-school literature." There can be no question that the Churches of the same families, once separated by slavery and the war, will, as time goes on, draw more closely together, and effect a co-operative if not an organic union.

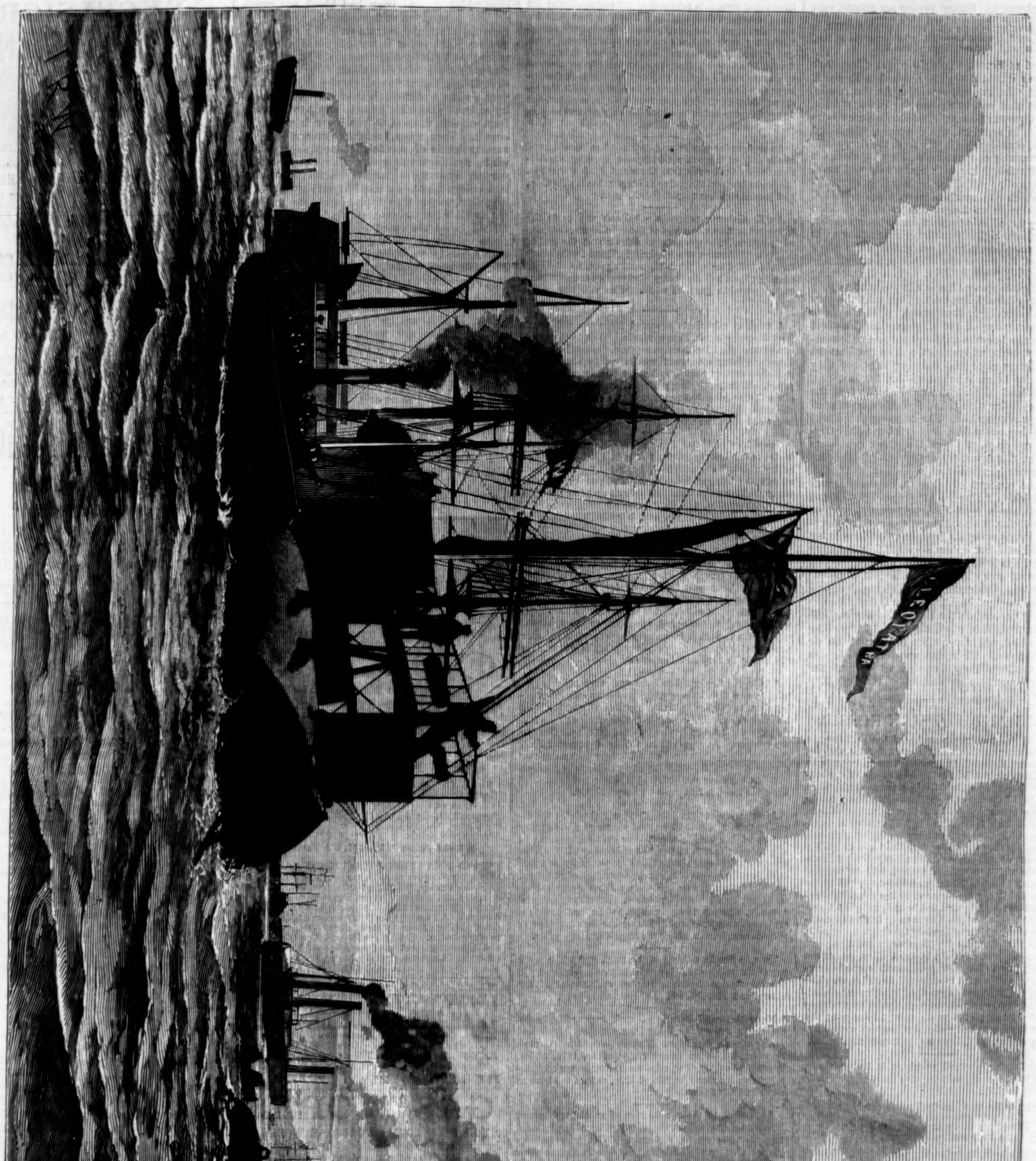
It can not be said that the work of the evangelists, whose names have become well known throughout the country, is less effective this than the preceding winters. The interest created by Mr. MOODY's visit to Hartford has spread to Meriden, South Windsor, Bloomfield, Manchester, and many other towns. The people of New Haven are putting up for him a building, to be used in March, which will seat 4000 persons. In Providence the Music Hall was filled nightly for eight weeks. Mr. HAMMOND has had great success in Parkersburg, Virginia. Mr. MOODY has now visited five of the six New England States.

Facts have proved not only that the American Indians are not decreasing in numbers, but that they are advancing rapidly in civilization. Of the entire number, estimated at 275,000, 56,000, or about one-fifth, receive rations from the government. The number of rations issued is steadily diminishing; for instance, 12,000 rations now given to the Navajos will cease to be issued next year. About 70,000 Indians are living under constitutions and written laws adopted and administered by themselves. There are 112,903 who wear citizens' dress; these occupy 22,199 houses. There are maintained among the tribes 330 schools, in which are 11,515 scholars; the sum of $337,379 is expended on education, and 40,397 have learned to read. The number of acres of land cultivated by Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States is 292,550; the total of bushels of wheat raised by them in 1877 was 688,278; of corn, 4,656,952. The horses and mules owned are 216,286; the cattle are 217,883; and the sheep 587,444. These facts are proof that the peace policy of the national government is far from being a failure. Dr. CLARK, one of the secretaries of the American Board, has expressed the opinion that our Indians have made more progress in civilization in the last decade than during the preceding fifty years.





OUR ARTIST INDORSING THE ABOVE CARTOON, PUBLISHED JANUARY 9, 1875.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—THE ARRIVAL AT GRAVESEND, ENGLAND.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THE transportation of this obelisk from Egypt to England has already supplied material for two illustrations in the *Weekly*. With the engraving published in our issue of November 24, 1877, our readers will perhaps remember that a short account was given of the history of the monolith, together with a full description of its recent adventures by land and sea up to the date of its abandonment by the *Olga* during a severe storm in the Bay of Biscay. In the above engraving we have a third representation of the obelisk, or rather of the remarkable craft that incloses it, as it was finally towed into the harbor at Gravesend on the morning of Monday, January 21.

Following the story of the obelisk after its desertion by the English vessel to whose charge it had been intrusted, we can not do better than to quote the following extract from a letter, dated October 18, written by Captain EVANS to the owners of the *Fitzmaurice*, a screw-steamer bound to Valencia, carrying a cargo of pig-iron:

"I left Middlesbrough on the 9th inst., and encountered heavy head winds till the 14th. It then blew a terrible gale, and I had to lie to until 9 A.M. on Monday; put the vessel on her course again, the wind blowing from the southwest. The first part of Sunday night it had been southwest, with a fearful sea. About 5 P.M. on Monday, away on the lee beam, I saw what appeared to be the bottom of a ship. I put the helm of the *Fitzmaurice* hard up, and bore down upon it. Just at dusk I found that it was Cleopatra's Needle. There was then too much sea on to board it, and I waited with great difficulty, on account of the rough weather, till daylight on Tuesday morning. Then we boarded the obelisk ship, and got it perfectly fastened by noon, slipping two 9-inch hawsers aboard of her. When we had towed away for about two hours, both ropes parted from the strain put upon them by the heavy sea. Again launched a boat and secured the hawsers, and had to tow very slow, on account of the heavy sea. Next morning it blew a heavy gale from the southeast, and both ropes parted again. Put out the boat, and with great difficulty fastened them again, and managed to get into this port (Ferrol) at 9.30 P.M."

Captain EVANS adds that from the way in which the ballast of the obelisk ship had been arranged, it appeared to be the work of soldiers, and not sailors. He also states that after boarding the *Cleopatra* he found in the cabin the log-book of Captain CARTER, which was written up to the 5th, and contained the following entry:

"This is a most unpleasant night. The swell is high and confused, and the *Olga* seems determined to tow us through the water or under it. I wish she would break down, for the quick pitching motion is

almost unbearable. Sixteen pitches per minute, each one sending the water over the hull, fore and aft, and a good deal of spray over all. My bed, the foresail, is saturated, and I walk about in preference to sitting below, where all is close, impure, and hot."

Arrived at Ferrol, the news of the *Cleopatra's* rescue was immediately telegraphed to England, and during the interval of waiting for the *Anglia*, the vessel that was to replace the faithless *Olga*, Captain CARTER and his picked English crew were kept busy in repairing the *Cleopatra*, which had sustained considerable injury from the fury of the gale so recently encountered. They repaired the rudder, furnished her with new masts and sails, and, above all, secured the railway iron, the shifting of which had resulted in so much mischief. The rails were no longer left in such position that they were liable to be loosened by any shock, but were built right down in such a manner as to become, so to speak, part and parcel of the ship's fabric. By the time the *Anglia* arrived all was in readiness for a new start, and on the morning of Tuesday, January 15, the *Cleopatra* was again on her way toward England. This time the voyage was exceedingly prosperous. The *Anglia* is an iron steam-tug of 140 horse-power. The fleet to which she belongs numbers a score of powerful iron vessels, which must not be confounded with ordinary river and coasting tugs, for they often make ocean voyages, as far, for instance, as the Island of St. Helena. The form of the floating cylinder with parallel pinched ends need not be again described. She is now painted buff down to her water-line, and red beneath, carrying two red flags, of which the upper one bears her name, *Cleopatra*, the lower being simply an ensign resembling that of a British merchant. As to the conduct of his ship, Captain CARTER speaks highly: "The *Cleopatra* does not roll, and if she pitches a good deal, plunging sometimes like a porpoise, with all but her cabin under water, she jumps up again from her dip like a living duck. Should her cabin be struck by a heavy beam sea, she is so well ballasted that after just heeling well over she will right herself at once."

The voyage was made without any mishap, and on the morning of January 21 the famous Needle was safely moored in the East India Docks, London. An immense crowd assembled to welcome the two ships, and cheer after cheer rent the air when they made their appearance. The Queen sent a congratulatory dispatch, expressing her pleasure at the safe termination of the voyage.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MOST of the passengers on board the unfortunate *Metropolis* were engineers and laborers for the Madeira and Mamoré Railroad, in Brazil. This railroad is to extend from a point just below the rapids of the Madeira River to the point of navigation on the Mamoré River. Bolivia is one of the richest of the South American States in mineral wealth and agricultural products. Its internal trade is large, and in 1872 exports amounting to over 3,750,000 pounds were carried on mule and llama back across the Andes into Chili and to the Pacific coast. When the new Brazilian railway is completed, the rich products of Bolivia will be shipped down the Mamoré to the railroad, thence by rail to the Madeira, and down the Amazon to the sea. The contract for building this road had been awarded to Americans, and all the materials were to be from this country. About the middle of January the steamer *Mercedita* sailed for Pará, Brazil, with 150 laborers and a corps of fifty-six engineers, with Mr. Philip Collins, one of the contracting firm. The *Metropolis* was the second steamer sent out, and a third is expected to sail soon. The wreck of the *Metropolis* seems not to intimidate laborers. Numerous applications were almost immediately made to fill the places made vacant by death; and many of those who had suffered shipwreck were ready to again venture their lives on the treacherous ocean.

The following poetical prophecy is by no means new, as the lines are said to have been first given to the world in 1453:

"In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail;
But if the Cock and Bull shall pair,
The Bear shall not prevail.

"But look, in twice ten years again,
Let Islam know and fear:
The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane,
Grow pale, and disappear."

As twenty years have elapsed since the Crimean war, the last verse seems a genuine prediction.

A memorial to Congress relating to the famine in China has been signed by a large number of business men in this city. The memorial suggests that the Secretary of State has on deposit, over and above all claims, between $600,000 and $700,000, which was received from China in 1856 as an indemnity for the spoliation of American property when the factories at Canton were destroyed. The hope is expressed that Congress will consider the present a suitable time to return all the money above just claims.

About four years ago nearly a thousand persons were arrested in Russia on suspicion of sympathizing with revolutionary movements. After a short term of imprisonment many of them were liberated; but about two hundred have been waiting ever since for trial. Some during this weary interval have died, some have contracted chronic diseases, and some have become insane. Many of these are without doubt innocent of the crime for which they were arrested.

Currituck Beach, where the *Metropolis* was wrecked, is on the northeastern coast of North Carolina, about twenty miles from Kitty Hawk signal station, eight miles below which the United States steamer *Huron* was lost last November. Currituck Island is thirty miles long and two in width, and some parts of the island are so uneven that in foggy weather it is necessary for vessels to keep well out to sea. The shoals around are very treacherous. Indeed, the entire coast of North Carolina is regarded as a dangerous and difficult one for ships in bad weather, and many steamers have been wrecked there whose commanders were experienced navigators. As regards the *Metropolis*, many reasons have been given as the immediate cause of the disaster; and whether it was one or all combined that wrecked the vessel is at this time a matter of varying opinion. Much evidence goes to show that the steamer was unseaworthy; also that it was overloaded; the life-saving service is reproached for not rendering aid more promptly, although the stations on that coast are ten miles apart; the government is blamed for not establishing more stations on such a dangerous coast, and manning them more efficiently and fully; and finally, it is asserted that it was impossible for a vessel to endure such a violent gale as that to which the *Metropolis* was exposed. It may be easy to shift the responsibility of this disaster from one to another, but one sad fact remains unmoved—over one hundred precious lives have been sacrificed.

An asylum for women and children has been burned at the city of Tien-tsin, China, and by telegram it is announced that over two thousand lives were lost. Tien-tsin is about sixty-five miles southeast of Pekin, and contains about 500,000 inhabitants.

An Englishman proposes a balloon voyage to the north pole—fleet to consist of three balloons, connected together. The plan is to start about the end of May, on "the curve of a wind circle," land the balloons twenty miles or so from the north pole, moor them securely, take the necessary observations, and return on a favorable gust of wind. Who will bespeak a passage?

A modern miracle is reported from the village of East Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania. This is the tale: A woman, long ill with consumption, died on February 2, and an hour afterward was raised to life and restored to perfect health by Father Heinen, a Catholic priest. This gratifying performance has greatly excited the uneducated portion of the community, but the more intelligent detect a deception which has been practiced upon the credulous.

Anecdotes of Victor Emanuel are increasing. This is one of the latest reported: At a ball at Florence one sultry night, "*Per Bacco!*" he cried, "how can you stand this stifling atmosphere? Can't you ventilate the place?" There was some delay about opening the windows, whereupon the King rammed his clinched fist through a pane of glass, and laughingly exclaimed, "Phew! That's an improvement."

The trade dollar rapidly grows unpopular. Nobody wants it. In fact, silver is becoming burdensome to the community. A special meeting of the Board of Trade and Transportation was recently held in this city to consider means of relief in view of the law making silver an unlimited legal tender. A memorial was prepared and adopted, appealing to Congress for relief from the great inconvenience experienced from accumulation of silver coin. Many banks will receive silver only in very small amounts.

A lady of Michigan has been very successful in obtaining two flowers instead of one from every flowering sheath of the calla lily. Her method is as follows: As soon as the joint flower is cut, or begins to wither, pull the stalk down through the open sheath clear to the bottom. At the bottom will be found standing, close to the stalk, another bud, inclosed in a delicate covering. Cut the old stalk away as close as possible without injuring the bud, and if it has not been kept back too long, it will grow up very quickly.

After two months of mild and genial winter weather—if, indeed, it could be called winter at all—January closed with a terrific storm—our first snow-storm of any account in this vicinity—and it came with furious winds. There were numerous disasters by sea and land, involving loss of life and destruction of property. At Manhattan Beach, on Coney Island, seven lives were lost by the swelling waves. Rockaway suffered severely, and at Long Branch hotels and cottages were seriously damaged. The storm was regarded as the severest known along the coast for many years.

Temple Bar is a thing of the past, and while some regret the removal of this old landmark, Londoners in general rejoice in the improved appearance of the Strand and Fleet Street.

Many thousand barrels of pork were recently destroyed by fire on the Long Pier, between Pacific and Amity streets, Brooklyn. The fire is believed to have been caused by an unusual rise of the tide, which, flooding the floor of an adjoining store-house containing many thousand barrels of lime, caused the lime to slack and the fire to follow.

According to the recollection of an old resident of Hartford, Connecticut, the winter of 1829–30 surpassed the present one in mildness. That year farmers ploughed every month during the season, and no snow fell until February 2. A cold and backward spring followed, with a snow-storm in May.

According to the following legend, the Beggars' Bridge in Florence was built without expense to the city. The Grand Duke of Florence once issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain time should receive a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue to the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. But the old clothes were examined, and in them, concealed in various ways, was money enough to build the beautiful bridge which spans the Arno.

MYTHS ARE BUT SYMBOLS OF TRUTH.

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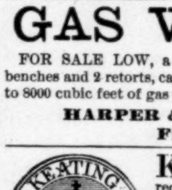

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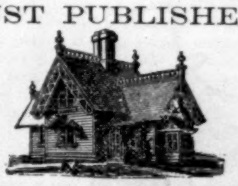

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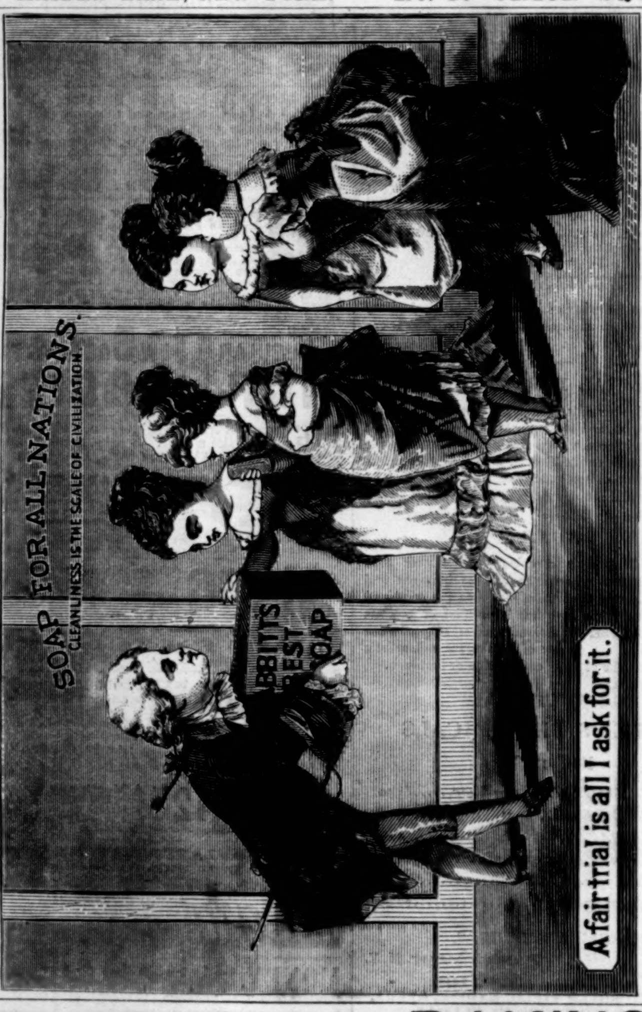

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DUNDREARY'S VALENTINE.

"MY lord, will you send any valentines?"
"Yes, I weally think I s-should like:
When the lwon's hot—ha! I found that out—
A fellah might just as well s-strike.
And one sweet little cweachaw that I know
Would weally cwy, i-if I missed.
It's—it's stwange, but some fellahs have a way
Th-that no—*no* woman can wesist."

"My lord, will you look at these valentines?
Here's a Cupid, with silver wings,
And a little poem, and flowers, my lord!"
"Y-you can have all them i-idot things.
If Cu-Cupid will make an ath of himself,
With awwows, and 'heart and hand,'
And woses, and bows, i-it's a howwid way
No fellah should follow or stand.

"I wecollect once, with a lovely girl,
I th-thought I would follow the plan;
And sh-she laughed outwight at the 'bleeding heart,'
And called me 'a th-thtupid man.'"
"Oh, my lord, but that was a joke, no doubt."
"I th-thought it was—wather too free.
I—I hate those kinds of widdles and jokes
That only some fellahs can see.

"Wun down to Tiffany's—t-tell him to send
Some bwacelets, and bwooches, and chains;
I can w-wite his valentines with my purse—
It's b-better than witing with bwains.
For I al-always find th-that a wuby pin,
Or a diamond wing for th-the hand,
Or an amber cwoss, is one of those things
Th-that *all* women can understand.

"I—I wonder why fellahs mawwy at all!
They just get th-themselves in a mess.
Give it up? Most fellahs would give *that* up—
It's a widdle n-no fellah can guess.
But I weally think—yes, I'm sure of it—
That the vewy best time and way
To keep Saint Valentine's twoublesome feast
Is to keep it on—on *All-fools' Day!*"

OUR LITTLE SERVANT-MAID.

I NEVER thought so little of Barbara Darling as I did that July afternoon when she stood by the window with a pout on her lips and a frown on her brow, looking out on the road with eyes that saw nothing, and utterly oblivious to the fact that her dear, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little sister was tugging at her skirt with one small hand and holding up her doll with the other, while she piteously complained, "There's sumfin bery awful wrong er matter wif my baby, Baba; her's broke in her inside, an' can't cry any more to sabe her life," until the speaker, as though to make up for this deficiency on the part of her "baby," burst into a loud, long, and tearless cry herself, and even then Barbara only pulled her dress out of the dimpled little hand, and said, in a decidedly unamiable manner, "Oh, bother!"

Barbara Darling was not pretty, that is, not very pretty—at least there was a diversity of opinion about her. The young men, alluding to her eyes and hair, spoke of violets and buttercups, the young women, on the contrary—young women are *so* unpoetical when by themselves!—sneered, "Blue china and molasses candy;" the young men liked the deep dimple in her chin, the young women said it was "awfully babyish;" the young men called her "a fairy," the young women "a dwarf."

She was the eldest of eight children; had no accomplishment, unless singing a ballad or two passably well could be called one; was eighteen years old, poor, and—and—well, to tell the honest truth, rather high-tempered. And yet she had for a lover handsome, talented, proud, wealthy Anthony Ditto, the match that all the girls in her circle had been making eyes at for a year before he, with heart still untouched, had met "wee Bab," as he called her.

How he came to notice her at all goodness knows, unless the comicality of the introduction struck through the dignity which enveloped him as a mantle, and softening his heart, as honest fun always softens hearts, let her steal into it, and then being a burry sort of a little body, he couldn't get rid of her afterward.

"Miss Barbara *Darling*," said that provoking Ned Parker, "Mr. Anthony *Ditto*;" and we (yes, we—I'm Bab Darling) burst out laughing, the names were so odd following each other in that manner, you know; and from that moment we were excellent friends until the day we ceased to be friends and became lovers.

Papa and mamma were delighted with the engagement, and so was I, for of course I loved him dearly; and yet for the life of me I couldn't stop what *he* called "flirting," though I'm sure *I* didn't mean it for that. You see every body is so *very* kind to a *little* woman that it is almost impossible for her to be dignified. She gets used to being treated like a child, and accepts pet names and bouquets and bonbons and gloves and the best of every thing, and talks and laughs and sings with pleasant people of the opposite sex just as a child would.

Now Anthony didn't like it—absurd fellow! wasn't I going to *marry* him?—and he used to look, oh! so *very* grim and ogreish, and lecture me on the impropriety of my conduct, until I felt myself the most miserable of sinners; but—I don't know how to account for it—I always forgot the lecture as soon as it was over, and was in disgrace again immediately.

Well, the other evening—Fourth-of-July evening it was—a party of us young folks went to the village green to see the pyrotechnic (I had to consult the dictionary before I ventured on that word) display, and arriving there rather late, found ourselves the last comers, and consequently on the outside of the crowd. Ned Parker and I tried to push our way to the front, but we couldn't; and I didn't see a thing, excepting a few rockets and blue-lights, until the very last, when Ned lifted me in his arms so that I might at last catch a glimpse of Washington blessing his countrymen and women with one fiery hand, while he pointed to a Roman candle that had just gone up with the other.

Anthony was a few feet away, talking to Netta Brooke; and when I joined him, expecting to meet with a terrible frown, he greeted me with a charming smile. And all the rest of the evening he was as amiable as possible, and though he had several five-minute chances to scold me, never said a reproving word—never even referred to the George W. episode, but he did worse—*he flirted himself.*

That I had never dreamed of, and I must say that I thought—at the time—it was a real mean thing for a great tall fellow like him to do to revenge himself on a mite like me.

Yes, he flirted for two long, *very* long hours; and when (the party ended at our house) the children proposed a kissing game, he, my haughty, reserved lover, joined in with that bold Brooke girl, and chose her for "a partner" every time, kissing her on the mouth—and she has a pretty mouth—as he did so.

I should have liked to box her ears, and his too, for that matter, but I didn't—of course not. I sauntered about with Ned Parker, and looked up into his face as though every moment I discovered some new beauty in it; and when Netta bade me good-night (Anthony could find no excuse for offering to walk home with her, her brother Dick being there), I kissed her, and hoped she had enjoyed herself.

"Oh! very much—very, *very* much, indeed," said she, flinging a look which she meant to be tender, but it wasn't—she has big, black, shallow eyes—at Anthony. "I *never* enjoyed myself so much."

But as soon as the garden gate closed behind them I took my engagement ring from my finger and flung it upon the ground, and I actually—I'm ashamed to tell it, but I did—made my hand into a fist and shook it at my promised husband. What would mamma, the dear, meek darling—I don't get my temper from her—have said if she had seen me?

As for Anthony, he wasn't the least bit frightened, but caught the fist, and shut it up in his strong right hand like something in a box.

"I hate you!" I cried. "Nobody ever treated me so before."

"But how many have *you* treated so?" he asked, with a smile; and I couldn't help thinking how handsome he looked in the silver moonlight.

"Every body has always done whatever I wanted them to do," I went on, stamping my foot.

"And consequently spoiled you," said he.

"What did you love me for, if I'm not—not nice?"

"Because I knew the moment I saw you, you wee thing, you were my fate. I thought you were nice then, and wanted to take you in my arms the moment you smiled at me."

"And now?"

"And now I think you a bad-tempered, selfish, willful, unreasonable little girl."

"Indeed!" and I wrenched my hand away, but not before he had kissed it with the most provoking coolness. "Then we'll part, unless you change your opinion *immediately*, and promise *never* to speak to Netta Brooke again."

"I shall make no such silly promise, Barbara." Good gracious! the idea of *his* calling *me* Barbara! "I have promised to drive her to the dépôt to-morrow."

"You return to the city together?"

"We return by the same train, as we have done a dozen times before."

"Go," said I, almost beside myself with rage. "I never want to see you again."

"Are you sure, Barbara?" he asked—"quite sure? I think you had better wait for a day or two before you banish me. If by the day after to-morrow—your birthday—you still 'hate' me, send me word to that effect, and I will, the moment your note is read, accept a position offered me this morning, and start for a home beyond the sea. Good-night, Miss Darling."

"Good-night, Mr. Ditto."

And he strode away up the road, and I picked up my ring and stole into the house, and cried as though my heart would break. It was so cruel of him to be unkind to a poor little thing like me.

The next morning, as I sat on the front porch darning the children's stockings—dear me! it seems to me every time stocking-darning time comes around that there never could be another family with so many legs as ours—Anthony drove past with Netta Brooke at his side.

I hid behind the stocking basket until they were out of sight, and then I flew to my desk and wrote as bitter a note as a woman twice my size could have written, and I sent it to the village post-office that very evening by our little servant-maid.

Our little servant-maid is a pretty little maid, with large honest gray eyes, a small red mouth, bright chestnut hair, a pleasant smile, a neat plump figure, and a remarkably cheerful disposition. And a clever little maid she is, too—can wash and iron and cook and do a hundred other things; but she possesses one taste which interferes sadly with the performance of her domestic duties—the most insatiate hunger for literature, which she gratifies whenever she finds an opportunity, in season or out of season, morn, noon, or night.

Potatoes and stews are burned, bread, cakes, and pies baked to cinders, doors left open all night, breakfasts delayed, lunches forgotten, dinners served too early or late—all on account of this love of reading which characterizes our little servant-maid.

She nearly drowned baby once, while giving her her bath, by letting the darling's head slip under the water, while she devoured a story in a *Harper's Weekly* she had taken from a table near by. She let my canary escape while she removed his empty seed cup with one hand, and held *Helen's Babies* in the other, her eyes being fixed on the book. She spilled the soup one dinner-time over papa's immaculate white vest, while trying to peep at the magazine he was glancing over. She set the hot flat-iron on our best damask table-cloth, and left it there to indelibly imprint its triangular portrait, while she hastily read an interesting murder case in the morning paper.

She could scarcely be got out of bed mornings, because she was tired and sleepy from reading the book she had abstracted from the book-case the night before, and when she did get up she actually sat before the dreary-looking stove for half an hour or so, intently perusing the various scraps of newspaper with which she should have been lighting the fire.

In short, if she had not been the most devoted, sunny, unselfish, fond-of-us-all little creature, it would have been utterly impossible for us to have stood the many mishaps and disasters that sprang from our servant-maid's devotion to literature. As it was, papa said to her when she drenched him with soup, "Another occurrence of this nature, and you go." And mamma said to her when she nearly drowned the baby, "Really, Eleanor, if any thing as dreadful as this happens again, we must part." And *I* said to her when she freed my song-bird, "The very next wrong thing you do while reading—" and I made a significant pause and *looked*.

"Yes, miss," said Nellie, meekly, with the tears in her gray eyes, which didn't prevent her, as soon as she reached the kitchen, bursting out with "Why, why, why didst thou leave me?" to a tune made up of a strange combination of "Old Dan Tucker" and "The Russian Hymn."

But with the exception of a turkey nicely roasted and sent to table retaining its crop and one or two other superfluous appendages to a turkey when roasted, on account of *Red as a Rose is She*, and forgetting to put the yeast in the bread one night because *East Lynne* lay beside the bread bowl, Nellie had got into no trouble for several months, and had gladly said to me, the morning of the very day I sent that horrid letter, "So, miss, I shall be with you another birthday, after all; and isn't that *Monarch of Minking Lane* lovely? I read a little bit of it when I was dusting the parlor, miss."

Well, to go back to naughty Barbara, standing by the window, and gazing out into the street.

Oh, how my heart ached! How sorry I was for quarrelling with my dear, good, splendid Anthony! The first thing this morning, my birthday morning—last year I was scarcely through my breakfast when he came, bringing me the loveliest set of pearls—he will get my cruel letter, and then, before I can send another to beg him to forgive me, he will have started for that dreadful place away off goodness knows where.

"What possessed me," I said to myself, wringing my hands in despair, "silly, wicked little thing that I am, to break my own heart and wound him so deeply? He loves me, I know he loves me dearly, and he never, never, *never* would have flirted had I not set him the example;" and I heaved a deep sigh, which was immediately echoed behind me, and turning, I saw Nellie laying the table for dinner, with a most woe-begone expression on her round rosy face; and as I turned toward her, two frightened imploring gray eyes met mine. For a moment I forgot my own trouble.

"Why, Nellie, what is the matter with you?" I asked.

"Oh dear! oh dear! how can I tell you? And out of this house I must go as soon as you know. And I love your ma, and I *almost* love your pa, and I a-dore all the rest of you. Oh! oh! oh!"—bursting into sobs and tears.

"Take down your apron this minute," said I, firmly, "and tell me what you have been doing *this* time."

"Well, miss," said Nellie, giving a great gulp, and coming and standing before me, "you know, miss, last evening I went to the village, and it was a elegant moonlight night, miss; and, oh! miss"—twining and untwining her fingers nervously—"I can't bear to go out into a cold and heartless world. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I got my paper—*The Weekly Roarer Avis*, you know, where they're printing 'The Vow of the Glass Fiend; or, the Glittering, Gleaming Girandole.' And, oh! miss, what shall I do?"

"Go on," said I.

"And I opened the paper in the store just to see how Stephanyer Alveretter got out of the enchanted cave, and I came out into the road a-reading it. Oh, miss, it's most awful interesting!" And Nellie, completely carried away by her subject, unclasped her hands, and continued in as bass a voice as she could assume, "The dragon belched forth streams of fire." And then suddenly changing to a high, shrill tone, "Rudolfer sprang between her and the monster-r-r. 'Saved, saved, saved,' she cried," *cried* Nellie, at the top of her voice, entirely lost to every thing but the "most awful interesting" story.

"Good heavens! Nell," said I, "you'll have ma tumbling down stairs, thinking it's tramps. Forget the 'Glass Fiend,' or whatever it is, for a few moments, and finish your own story."

The frightened look came back into Nell's face.

"Well, miss," she said, slowly, "I got my paper, and, oh! miss—"

"*Go on!*" said I, stamping my foot. I had made up my mind never to stamp my foot again, but the girl was *so* provoking.

"And, miss"—with desperate calmness—"*I forgot to post your letter.*"

I flung my arms around her and gave her a hug and a kiss, promised her a whole year's subscription to the village circulating library, and left her with round eyes and mouth wide open in wonder, while I flew to the door to answer the ring of—

"Barbara *Darling*," said he.

"Anthony *Ditto*," said I.

A TRAMPS' LODGING-HOUSE.

IT was back in the first half of the present century that the French novelist EUGÈNE SUE won everlasting fame by his marvellous work entitled the *Mysteries of Paris*. Certainly it was a book to be kept away from school-girls, and not one that parents and guardians would care to see familiarly handled by youth and innocence. Yet perhaps there is many a lesson taught in its pages that could not fail to have a good effect upon those who are so carefully guarded from all contact with vice or misery that they can only learn of their existence through the medium of a printed page. There is a sort of callous indifference to the woes of mankind expressed in the old saying that "one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Under it lurks the suggestion that the first half in question not only doesn't "know," but doesn't care. "Bear ye one another's burdens," enjoins the Founder of our faith in His Gospel, and yet the world seems to fancy that immunity can be had from this obligation by a placid ignorance of what these burdens are. The man who petulantly inquired, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is certainly far outdone in selfishness by those who feel so little interest in that brother as not to recognize his existence or inquire into the circumstances under which he lives.

At the time when EUGÈNE SUE, underneath the faint disguise of fiction, exposed the direful influences that were at work in the by-ways of Paris, and painted scenes of such loathsome horror that only the initiated could believe them to be true, New York was without any "mysteries" of similar character. We were young, and life and light and air abounded throughout our streets. River-washed on both sides, and in no way overcrowded, our bustling metropolis was scarcely more than a thriving country town, where each man knew his neighbor, and work and wages only waited to be grasped by willing hands. Fifty years of cramped growth and of multiplying industries, bringing in their train a disproportionately increasing population, have altered all this. To-day, we vie with Paris in the number of our misérables. Our tenement-houses, new and fresh half a century ago, are now pest-houses impregnated with contagious disease. Our cellars and our sewers in certain parts of the city have accumulated an amount of filth before which the Health Department seems powerless; and our poorest classes not only fill the wretched habitations provided for them to excess, but overflow into the streets, unable to find a roof to cover their heads.

Those of our citizens who are accustomed to heed the demands of the poor as they meet them in our thoroughfares may possibly have noticed that the old begging cry of "Please, Sir, give me a penny," has become extended into a lengthy sentence and an enlarged demand of "Please, Sir, give me five" or "ten cents," as the case may be, "to pay my lodging." Any great want in a community is usually followed by something in the way of supply, and the demand of our homeless poor has of late been met by the establishment of lodging-houses where the smallest possible sum is charged for a meal and accommodation overnight. These are the substitutes offered to the wretched who through misfortune or crime have no longer a place on earth which they can call "home."

It is one of these institutions that forms the subject of our double-page engraving. On the corner of Prince and Marion streets, in this city—a locality as unfamiliar to the residents of many of our avenues as a thoroughfare in Hong-Kong—stands a spacious building, which, like "the dust of Alexander," not only might but has come to such "base uses" that if brick and stone and mortar were sentient, they could not but recoil at their own degradation. With no change save that wrought by imperceptible decay and the accumulated grime of years, here stands the old Presbyterian church where, in the days when our fathers were young, stern old Calvinists denounced the wickednesses of the world, and exhorted trembling sinners to flee from the wrath to come. Here are the very pews where the elect sat upright and shuddered to think of the fate of their less happy neighbors. Above on each side are ranged the galleries where the wayfarer may have wandered in and listened to the "word in season" calculated to change his destiny. Unchanged in any detail rises the prim pulpit where the Rev. CHARLES FINNEY, pastor of the church, was wont to lift up his voice in prayer and praise each succeeding Sunday.

All these things are there just as they were in the days when our city was young, but yet such a strange metamorphosis has come over the sacred edifice that its ancient occupants might easily be excused if they were unable to recognize it. Unclean spirits have certainly entered in and taken possession, and yet the adaptation of this old "meeting-house" to meet the wants of our homeless poor is not without a certain element of fitness. The church has become a refuge for the destitute, and in this way certainly it still fulfills its mission, although the care and sustenance now offered are to the bodies of men rather than their souls.

The history of the change by which the old Presbyterian meeting-house became a common New York lodging-house is as follows. Some three years ago Mr. CHARLES DESSERT, now at the head of the institution, in wandering about this part of the city, took occasion to explore the disused building, and readily perceived the manner by which it might be adapted to the needs of the homeless part of our population. His next step was to find a gentleman who possessed sufficient means and inclination to interest himself in the enterprise. An individual, who successfully eludes all efforts to pry into his *incognito*, was found somewhere among the merchant classes of our city; and by him furnished with capital, Mr.

A TRAMPS' LODGING-HOUSE.—[DRAWN BY MILLER AND McCUTCHEON.]

DESSERT at once set to work. Beginning at the basement of the building, a portion of it was partitioned off to form a bath-room. Here were introduced a liberal number of Croton water pipes, together with every appliance necessary for a thorough and comprehensive wash on the part of each beneficiary of the establishment. The remaining portion became a dormitory, space being economized to such an extent that accommodations for eighty-five persons could be arranged.

As soon as his attention was directed to the main floor of the church Mr. DESSERT began to show the qualities of an able general in making the best use of the material at hand. Not a pew on ground-floor or gallery was disturbed. By some admirable coincidence the length of a church pew is usually at least six feet; and what more could be desired in the way of a bed, unless, perhaps, it were a little additional width? But although Mr. DESSERT was unable to gratify the weak desire of sleepy human nature for room to turn over, he was so far considerate of the comfort of each guest as to arrange at one end of each seat a broad leather strap, intended to serve as a pillow. After thus utilizing the pews, and adding a few more bunks in waste places, it might have been supposed that Mr. DESSERT would find himself at the end of his resources. On the contrary, the more expensive and aristocratic couches of his establishment were yet to be introduced. Carpenters were called in, and above the pews rose a substantial frame-work. Now began arrangements for customers whose means entitled them to superior consideration. Hammocks of stout canvas were swung, straw pillows and blankets purchased, and even the luxury of a small clothes closet provided.

Mr. DESSERT is not so fastidious as Judge HILTON in regard to the guests whom he receives. They may be of any race, nationality, or creed. The shape of their noses matters nothing, neither do the details of their costume. The charge for admission is regulated according to the accommodation required, and in cases where the guest is entirely without money, he is permitted to offer a certain amount of labor in return for his entertainment. One condition only is made a *sine qua non*, that is, he shall not be intoxicated at the time of making his application. This fact being established, the proposed lodger is interrogated as to his name and address (the latter question certainly has the appearance of sarcasm, though not so intended), and whether he desires to pay for his entertainment in coin or furnish an equivalent in the way of work. If he be an aristocrat in taste, and can pay the required sum of six cents, he is entitled to a hammock. When this luxury is beyond his means, he must perforce be contented with a pew at five cents. In default of the latter sum he is conducted to the yard, and his attention directed to the wood pile. Three sticks sawed and split entitle him to a bed for the night. The preliminaries to retirement are, however, a visit to the bath-room and a conscientious performance of ablutions; for this purpose he is presented with a towel and a bath ticket. At the same time, if discrepancies are noticed in his costume that are susceptible of adjustment by needles, thread, and buttons, these articles are furnished free of charge.

In connection with the lodging-house there is a restaurant situated on the ground-floor. Here the same spirit of economy rules as elsewhere throughout the establishment. The proprietor clings to the American plan, and his guest is not tormented with the thought that his bill grows in proportion as his appetite is great. Neither is there a variety of viands to tempt the visitor to extravagance. Indeed, the *menu*, magnificent in its simplicity, reads as follows:

MUSH, 2 CENTS,
For as much as can be eaten.
Call for as much as you want.

This tempting dish is excellent of its kind, if the testimony of the guests at the restaurant may be trusted. As for the manner of its preparation, the following is the recipe: for twenty-five persons, boil half a pound of fat pork and one pound of sugar in twelve gallons of water, thickened to a proper consistency with Indian meal. Apparently this allows very nearly half a gallon of mush to each man—certainly a liberal allowance; but it is a known fact that the capacity of the tramp for eating is out of all proportion with his ability to work. In case the required two cents are not forth-coming, a similar arrangement exists in regard to the restaurant as in the case of the bed. The sawing and splitting of two logs are considered an equivalent for a meal.

As it appears on paper, the lodging-house is certainly a benevolent institution, and it is only by visiting the establishment and closely observing the unfortunates who take refuge there that any idea can be formed of the misery and degradation existing in our Christian city. The lodging-house is not, as might be supposed, merely a temporary refuge for the poorest of our working classes, whom poverty has for a time deprived of a home. In it are found men who have at one time been honored and respected in refined and cultivated circles. Misfortune connected with vice has brought members of our merchant classes, graduates of our colleges, and professional men to seek shelter in this poor lodging-house in Prince Street. Here they lurk during the night, and hide from the world that has known them the direful conditions to which they have sunk. Through what mental agonies, stifled, perhaps, with liquor or opium, they must have passed before reaching such a level is probably beyond the realization of any who have not similarly suffered.

Not very long ago a reporter for one of our evening papers had his attention attracted to the lodging-house by a wretched specimen of manhood, who begged for ten cents wherewith to procure food and a bed for the night. Questioning the petitioner's ability to procure so much for so small a sum, the newspaper man determined to follow him and discover the nature of his retreat. The whereabouts of the old church, transformed into a refuge for the unfortunate, was soon revealed, and with the energy of his class the reporter set about unravelling not only the secrets of the establishment, but those of some of its occupants. Obtaining permission of the superintendent to converse with his lodgers, the visitor went from one to another, interviewing those to whom the official directed his attention as having the most interesting story to tell. Among these was a tall, fine-looking man with a full beard, whom the superintendent pointed out as being a graduate of the university at Dublin, Ireland. Proceeding down the aisle, the reporter found the man sitting astride his hammock and preparing to sleep, but not indisposed to talk, for he opened the conversation himself, the first inquiry being, "Are you a reporter, Sir?"

Assured of the fact, he added, "I hope, Sir, you'll omit the name, for, you see, when a man is under a cloud, he scarcely wants his name used in such a manner."

"You are a graduate, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, a graduate, as you say; an A.B. of Dublin University."

"What brought you across the water?"

"Well, you see, I am considerably cosmopolitan in my tastes, so I just left, that's all."

"How have you been occupied since your coming?"

"Oh, well, I think that would require more time to tell than you have to spare. But I work now for my living, although in a very snide way."

"What do you mean by 'snide?'"

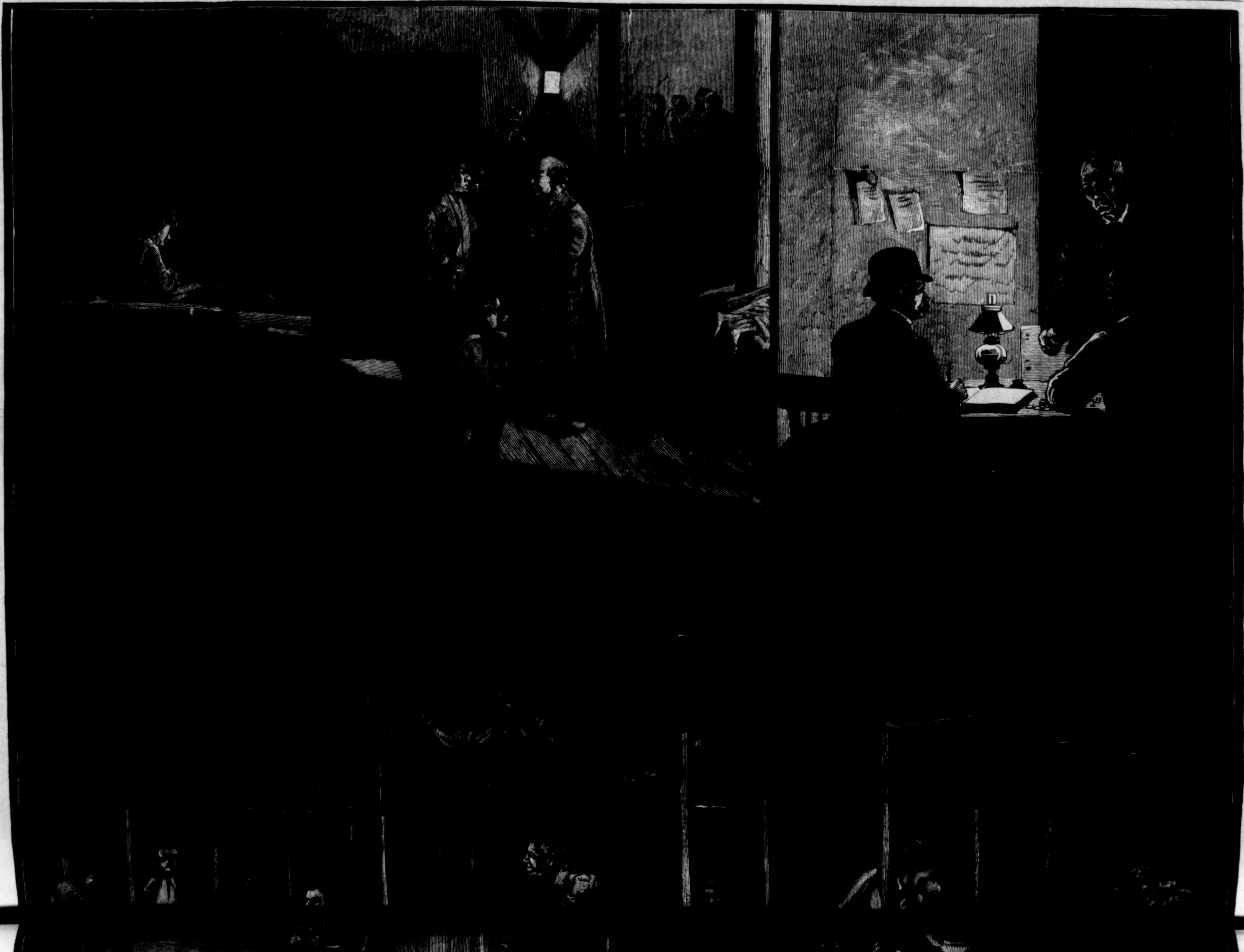
"Oh, by snide I mean that the manner in which I now gain my living, as compared with that of former times, is very indifferent, very poor; yes, snide, very snide."

"Have you friends here?"

"I have neither relatives nor friends. I have acquaintances plenty when I have also money in my pocket. But what of friends? They may help at times, but a man, I guess, had better look to himself for all he has or gets. And this I say, if there's work to be had, from a clerk to a tide-waiter or a coal-heaver, I'm ready, and a 'solid man,' too."

"Are you pretty well treated here? Do you get your money's worth?"

"Indeed yes, oh yes; we are all well treated—as well as the accommodations allow. The place is run, you see, upon the principle that the greater the number as a whole, the cheaper the fare individually."

"And you have no complaint to offer?"

"No, Sir, no. They treat us like men, and give us every thing we need, except it be the grace of God, and" (peering comically about the room) "I suppose each of us has had that for himself some time in his life. But I am talking too much; and now, you reporter, when you tell what a poor wretch up in the 'Retreat' has been saying, remember those words of Othello: 'I pray you, in your letters, when you shall these unlucky